This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

Perkins

Perkins

AN

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

NORAH PERKINS AND HER LITTLE PROTEGE,
LUCILLE CURTIS.

"Thru the Mill"

"What might have been"

NEW YORK
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

By NORAH PERKINS

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
739769
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R 19 6 L

Copyrighted 1916 by
NORAH PERKINS-JEANSON
319 Cumberland St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

NEW YORK
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

BROOKLYN EAGLE PRESS

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
	Preliminary Explanation	i-iv
	Introduction—"To the Friends of Truth"	7
	Preface	9
I.	Glimpses of Childhood	11
II.	Housekeeping and Homekeeping	14
III.	Ruined by Rum	16
IV.	Influenced by Friends	18
V.	Duplicity Exposed	20
VI.	Court of Domestic Relation	24
VII.	More of Courts and the Law	27
VIII.	My Philosophy	32
IX.	Conservative versus Progressive	36
X.	Our Sisters	43
XI.	What Men Say	54
XII.	Suffrage First	63
XIII.	Inside the Machine	72
XIV.	Paving the Way	97
XV.	Stirring Up Strife	105
XVI.	Proving the Lie	117
XVII.	Hope and Regret	120
XVIII.	What I have Learned	123
XIX.	Unconscious Helpers	131
XX.	Of the Future	138

NEW YORK
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

"THRU THE MILL"

By Norah Perkins

Lovingly dedicated to all those who are struggling for the uplift of humanity and to make the world a little better for their having journeyed here.—*N. P.*

PRELIMINARY EXPLANATION.

For the past three years friends have been urging me to write my autobiography. Somehow the suggestion never appealed to me. However, during a severe illness last winter I undertook "Sunshine and Shadow" and was progressing nicely when force of circumstances compelled me to abandon my effort and direct my thought in other channels. Seated in my room in the Windsor-Clifton Hotel in Chicago one evening, musing over the fund of practical knowledge gained that day, it occurred to my mind that out of my wealth of experience I had sufficient material for writing an interesting story. More than that, it would do good. Outlining my plan in this new field of endeavor (as usual) I sought the advice of friends.. Some were enthusiastic, others tried to dampen my ardor. Brushing aside the cobwebs from my brain and calling forth the best intellect and judgment that I could muster I followed the rays of light that beamed upon my way; and hurriedly wrote the preface and some reminiscences of childhood. The seven succeeding chapters were written on my return trip to New York.

Arriving home in the midst of our spring house cleaning, I worked my way through the disorganized rooms to my work shop, where I sorted out

of the files such data as I wanted to use. This done, I had only to arrange the subject matter in order, adding the three concluding chapters. The title, "Thru the Mill," came to me on the spur of the moment after the inspiration to write. Now, here, at the very outset of my story, I want to emphatically say in the clearest terms of which I am capable, that the pages covering my personal affairs have not been written for the purpose of explaining my domestic difficulties, for I maintain that the doings of the habitation we call home should be strictly private. Inasmuch as some of my personal affairs have become public through Court proceedings, and certain daily papers (catering to the morbid public mind that craves the sensational), having distorted and magnified both testimony and statements, I have decided to let the truth be known, thereby hoping to spare some one from the blunders I have made. The author has purposely omitted even more thrilling experiences than those related, in connection with political and rescue work. In presenting this volume to the public I know that some will take exception. The construction of the book will be assailed. Too rugged will be the cry of the grammarian, who would have the language more smooth. (Writing hurriedly conjunctions may be found in place of nouns, verbs instead of adjectives.) The character is certainly, clean, wholesome and stimulating. Having gone "through the mill" and surviving a seige with

machine politicians in Wisconsin, I can honestly say that I have become immune from the unkind, unjust knocks of the slammerer. My real friends are loyal, they have stood the test of years, contributing to my uplift work, supporting my political activities, protesting by voice and pen when they thought I was being worsted, and today, though many miles divide us, they are sending their orders for "Thru the Mill," enclosing checks in advance. Thus, continually proving the faithfulness of the "tried and true." To one and all who are interested in my career I can only say, "I thank you."

We are a company of stockholders, so to speak. Whatever measure of success I achieve, my friends share in the glory. Likewise, my failures are their loss. If I (being human) err in judgment, those with whom I walk "in love and simplicity without dissimulation" will wrap the mantle of charity round about me, for they know, my "mistakes are of the head and not the heart."

NORAH PERKINS.

INTRODUCTION.

"To the Friends of Truth."

From a personal experience of nearly one-half a century in the city of Chicago, interested more or less in public matters, I believe one of the most effective methods to reach the hearts of the people is by good literature. Some of the greatest evils in the world, in my judgment, are:

1. As the Good Book says, "The love of money is the root of all evil."

2. The social evil, also taking into account the terrible diseases incident to that evil.

3. Intoxicating liquor, considering also the lawlessness of the liquor interests, and the terrible effects of liquor upon the husband, the wife and the children.

4. Gambling.

5. Disobedience to law.

The great forces to overcome these evils are:

1. A good home where love and righteousness prevail and where the child is taught to love that which is clean and pure by the example of father and mother.

2. The school which includes, of course, the college and that wonderful university of "hard knocks."

3. Honest labor.

4. Obedience to law.

To describe these forces in a few words, the great power is:

1. Religion. "The greatest power in the world is the power of love."

2. Education. "And ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

3. Agitation. "Let there be light."

4. Obedience to Law. "Obedience to Law is Liberty."—HOAR.

I have known Norah Perkins many years, and I believe that her experience and her thoughts on these great questions will be of service to those who read them.

Yours very truly,

ARTHUR BURRAGE FARWELL,

President, Chicago Law and Order League.
Secretary, Hyde Park Protective Association.

PREFACE

I remember as a child, while living on a farm in the Sun Flower State of Kansas, how every member of uncle's household looked forward to the coming of the weekly paper. One column I shall never forget, it was called "Minerva Chats."

In my childish ignorance and innocence I thought Minerva the name of some great lady, who because of her intellectuality, was permitted to write for the sole purpose of exploiting her knowledge. As I grew older I discovered "Minerva Chats" meant helpful "heart to heart" talks by one who had practical experience. "Thru the Mill" is intended to be simply a "heart to heart" talk with my friends, old and new. It is a truthful story, written plainly, without embellishment or style. The author makes no claim of having any literary ability, because of the character of the book I must write of myself. Therefore, the reader will find a little of my life's story and much of my experience in public work. In and through it all I hope some word, thought or deed, may prove helpful to some one passing through this "Island of a World," bound for that marvelous "CONTINENT OF IMMORTALITY."

NORAH PERKINS.

CHAPTER I.

GLIMPSES OF CHILDHOOD.

I was born in the great Empire State of New York. Our family consisted of father, mother and three children (two elder brothers and myself). Mother's parents had journeyed West in the early days, locating in Iowa, and there I lived for a time after my father died.

I distinctly remember at the age of five having my thought arrested concerning the inequality of the sexes. My grandparents had forbidden my running, jumping, climbing trees and playing Indian with the boys; and I most earnestly questioned, Why? For though I loved my dollies dearly, I much enjoyed the more exciting play. Mother taught us to trust in God and pray to Him daily. The memory of the first Scripture verses which I learned in Sunday School have remained with me, despite the fact that Father Time has sown silently the seed of many years. My favorite hymn—

> "Dare to be a Daniel,
> Dare to stand alone,
> Dare to have a purpose,
> Dare to make it known."

At the age of ten I had learned to ride and drive, and the more spirited the animal the more I enjoyed driving. Being a frail child, I was unable to keep in school regularly; fortunately I was somewhat apt in my studies, and therefore

advanced rapidly. Always in play, if I could have my way, I wanted to be a rich lady and spend my time in visiting the poor. Banknotes were fashioned from scraps of note paper and most generously distributed among the needy. Frequently I played the role of Queen Victoria.

All nature appealed to me strongly. Birds must be fed and their young protected. Many a bow and arrow and sling shot have I broken. Dead birds always brought home and given what I called a Christian burial, manufacturing the coffin out of a box and scrap pieces of cloth from my work basket. Faded flowers would awaken my sympathy. "The Last Rose of Summer," I would sing by the hour and always with tears of regret.

When about twelve years of age I began to think of the time when I should be grown up and my ambition was to become a teacher. Politics attracted my attention for I thought knowledge of the science of government as necessary to the girl's education as to the boy's; besides I wanted to be able to discuss questions and issues with my brother who had said, boys had to spend their evenings out with men in order to know what was going on politically. For "women folk," said he, "never can know anything about these things."

During a revival in the Methodist Church I professed conversion and was wonderfully blest of God in helping in children's work; leading a class of forty-two "Busy Bees" and directing the

"Willing Workers" club in philanthropic endeavor. Unfortunately the seductive glitter of worldy pleasure stole into my life through companions not established in the right way of living, and gradually I drifted away from the church. But not wholly away from God.

After two years wandering in the wilderness, I came to myself (like the Prodigal Son) and this Prodigal Daughter returned to her father's house. Saved through prayer from what doctors said was tuberculosis, I promised God I would redeem my unworthiness by giving all my time to His service, and out of the depths of my grateful heart I sang:

> "I'll go where you want me to go dear Lord,
> I'll be what you want me to be."

For I believed then and I know now I was "Saved to Serve."

CHAPTER II.

HOUSEKEEPING AND HOME-MAKING.

Married at seventeen into a very fine New England family, my husband, a most capable fellow and oh! so kind and good and true.

The future looked bright as we began building the first home nest. Mr. P. was a man many years my senior and treated me very much as a child; giving me full sway in the home, for he said, "There I must reign queen."

Being a commercial traveler he was away very much and during his absence I devoted my time to the Church and other activities, including temperance, rescue and suffrage work, but when the time came for the traveler's return, all outside interests were temporarily abandoned, for no maid (however good she might be, and our Clara was A No. 1) could supply the personal touch so essential in making comfortable the weary wanderer. The house was always "spic and span," mending out of the way on the regular day, for we tried to be systematic, and oh! how I enjoyed preparing the meals. Better still the atmosphere must breathe cheer and sunshine, for after battling in the business world a good man deserves quiet and rest. Home should be his heaven upon earth.

Mr. P. was anxious about my philanthropic work, and though he often came home to find

his best suit given to some undeserving fellow, or maybe the family increased by the addition of one or more orphans or widows, he never complained. Instead he would deal out generously the "where with all" needed, and demonstrating his affection by patting me on the shoulder he would shake his head and say, "You'll learn in time." Father P., a dear old man of eighty odd years, saw things differently, and he was wont to advise in this way, "Some day the tide may turn and then who will do for you?" Just before departing this life for the Other Shore, he looked up into my face and said, "You have been a good daughter to me, continue being helpful as you journey on through life and some day we will meet again; for the better land is not very far away."

CHAPTER III.

RUINED BY RUM.

From Minneapolis we moved to Chicago and thence to Milwaukee. Husband had been called South on business. He had been gone some little time when one day to my horror and dismay the postman brought me a letter containing this statement: "Am sending money and jewelry home by express, I am going away." This was followed by a wire from his employer saying, Mr P. had apparently suffered a sunstroke and his mind had been temporarily deranged.

Kind friends came to my relief and accompanied me to Chicago where the loved one had been found after leaving the South. Sad as this experience may seem it was nothing compared with the tragedy that followed.

I learned that my husband had been a periodical drinker, had taken the Keeley Cure and fallen again through the social glass. Harrowing were the experiences of the days and nights that followed, no one can conceive of the awfulness of the demon rum, unless they have personally experienced the hell it brings. To hospitals and homes for inebriates to be sobered only to remain a little while and then back again to the accursed stuff. Becoming mentally incapacitated for work I finally took him to Prohibition Maine, his native State, believing there he would be safe from

the temptation to drink, but alas my hope was blasted, for in Maine he drank almost continuously and the most poisonous stuff. Poor man, he did not drink because he wanted to, but because he could not resist the burning desire to quench a maddening thirst. Opposition only increased his fury and hallucinations made him dangerous to live with. Relatives of both families advised divorce, but I could not make up my mind for a long time. However, after two years of separation I decided in the affirmative and obtained my divorce in May, 1908. Friends representing the *Milwaukee Press* graciously kept matters from becoming public. And thus sadly ended my "Heart's Happy Day Dream of Home."

As yet I have not ceased to be interested and anxious for the salvation of the one who came into my young life with so much hope and cheer. Indeed I should feel unworthy the name of woman if in my disappointment and despair I should ever forget the man he was before the fall and the man God intended him to be.

CHAPTER IV.

INFLUENCED BY FRIENDS.

Only my most intimate friends knew the condition of my home affairs, for I confided in few. Consequently less than half a dozen Milwaukeeians knew of the divorce proceedings, much less of the granting of decree which was very much delayed by the political activities of my lawyer (the late Judge Donovan).

A nervous wreck physically I had accepted the invitation of friends and was living in a Presbyterian Pastor's home in a rural district near Waupaca. While there a young man five years and six months my junior, whom I had befriended and influenced back into the church, began paying me marked attention. I knew previously of his fondness for me, for he told mutual friends of his heart affection; but as other men, young and old (because of my kindness and Christian helpfulness), had learned to respect me very much, I did not take the matter seriously. His parents and sisters made much of me, and those who knew thought me very foolish not to consider more thoughtfully.

It all seemed so perfectly absurd that I ridiculed every suggestion for a time. At last his apparent nobility of purpose and intense devotion began to impress me more particularly since the matter was frequently remembered in our

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

AUTHOR'S FORMER HOME IN OSHKOSH.

family devotions. My admirer sought every opportunity of being in my presence, often traveling miles to see me. The day we were married it so happened that he met me while I was engaged on a very important mission up in the northern part of the State. Taking me for a walk Mr. J. drew from his pocket a marriage license and proceeded to inform me that the preacher, Mr. L., was waiting in the parsonage just a few blocks away, and the announcement had already been given to the paper. To say that I was shocked and surprised by his boldness is to express my feelings mildly. My first impulse was to run away, secondly I wondered what the people would say (the public mind would want an explanation), thirdly I was silly enough to believe this climax to be sufficient evidence of the sincerity of his affection. After some hesitation I yielded under the pressure of the moment, and thus became the wife of Edward A. Jeanson. In a few hours I was on my way to the farm and Mr. J. enroute in the opposite direction.

Pastor and Mrs. J. were quite overcome when I related my story (for Pastor J. had longed to "tie the knot"), but glad indeed, for they thought my Mr. J. a "Perfect Dear," and as he desired to go to the foreign field as a missionary, they prayed the way might open. Instead we located in Oshkosh and there for three years the "Perfect Dear" seemed very much like the ideal man of whom I had dreamed in my youth.

CHAPTER V.

DUPLICITY EXPOSED.

Being a "A Knight of the Grip" with extensive territory, Mr. J. would be gone from home for weeks at a time, but never a day passed without one or more love letters, often supplemented by telegrams and telephones, regardless of cost.

Failing to receive my remittance for three weeks and receiving a written confession to the effect that he had "backslidden from religion," "fallen off the water wagon" and was "going to the bow-wows," I immediately tried to get in touch with the poor chap, hoping to switch him back on the "Main Line"; hence a long distance call from a friend's home in Milwaukee to the Euclid Hotel in St. Paul, and what a revelation. Though worshipping his wife, he had in some way become entangled with another Mrs. Jeanson, she playing the star role by answering the 'phone. Imagination can best picture the scenes that followed. The penitent husband returning home so meek and lowly in spirit. He thought to inherit the earth (including a large bill at the St. Louis Hotel in Duluth).

Forgiveness granted on the plea of extenuating circumstances, we began life all over again. Why not? He was no worse than many other men and quite like the husbands of some of my acquaintances. So when with his hand upon the

Bible he said, "I have learned my lesson and I will be loyal," I believed he would keep his word. Certainly it was my duty to give him a chance; but the seed of lust had been planted too deeply and though he was devotion personified to me, I was soon privileged to help rescue from him the twenty-four-year-old daughter of a Minneapolis policeman. She was a kind hearted little body with the most beautiful big blue eyes and cared so much for her lover. He had promised to marry her. However a little later he cruelly told her in a letter he no longer cared for her and said she ought to be ashamed for disgracing her family and throwing her life away. Believing in the Catholic faith she sought solace by way of the Cross.

The next one that drew my attention was a coarse, ugly creature about twenty-seven years old, with only a wealth of auburn hair in her favor. She was married and lived with her mother, was a waitress in a restaurant run in connection with a saloon. She admitted having gone the pace that kills with Mr. J., giving up only when his money gave out. It made no difference to her if he was married or single, she wanted a good time here not hereafter.

All this necessitated a very frank talk with the gay deceiver. He acknowledged his guilt and comforted me by saying, I "did not know the worst." Dreading an expose on account of my public work, I vainly tried to keep his shameful doings under cover.

Resigning his position he attempted another only to mire in the mud, suddenly leaving for New York, where three months later he accepted a position selling city trade. Somewhat indisposed I thought to rejuvenate at the sea shore. Again Mr. J. begged for mercy, claiming I was the only one that could help him in the better way. Reluctance on my part caused the man who had been forgiven much to threaten; "If you don't I'll tell *Hearst's American* politics and woman suffrage have broken up our home, and believe me the story will go." Unwilling to sacrifice my friends or the cause, I buried myself with work in a fourteen room boarding house and dreamed of the day when the clouds would be lifted, for I was sure sooner or later he would "Let Go." God or the devil must win.

Absence from home Mr. J. explained by new business. Cigarette smoking and drink he sought to hide by the friendly little peppermint. Superbly kind and extremely religious, it seemed almost impossible to believe him all wrong again. However, investigation disclosed the facts, and this time one of the victims was the thirty-one year old daughter of an official in a Methodist Church. She had been ruined by Mr. J. when only seventeen years old, in his own mother's home, but had not ceased to love him during the intervening years. Meeting in the subway one day, they renewed their acquaintance and the flame rekindled (he did not tell her he was married). She was a sweet looking girl of the

Swedish blonde type, and talked to me very freely. Lovingly I tried to show her the result of her sinning, and from the last conversation I had with her father when he called at my home I believe she has forsaken the evil way.

Patience and forebearance ceased to be a virtue, and I declared my intention of living alone. Consequently Mr. J. determined to have his "fling," for he said he would never be "caught," went to board with an old chum, and there afternoons when the Mrs. was out, Mr. J. entertained his lady friends, as a statement which I have in my possession from one of them will prove. Could anything more be added to this terrible record? Yes, for one poor betrayed creature ended her life by the suicide route, dying February, 1915.

CHAPTER VI.

COURT OF DOMESTIC RELATION.

Believing as I do that the man in marrying assumes the responsibility of supporting the wife (unless for good and sufficient reason) I decided to exercise my constitutional right, wending my way to the Investigation Bureau of the Court of Domestic Relation. Mrs. Harty, a real matronly woman, was assigned to the case. At the expiration of a month of "watchful waiting" for promises of money to materialize, I obtained a bench warrant in order to force the issue, and the man much loved by many women was hailed into court, there to be quickly ordered by the Hon. Judge Dooley to pay his wife eight dollars a week for one year. Receiving the order with all the solemnity of a Carranza manifesto, we thought he would fulfill the part, but the strain proved too great and he who had most willingly promised to "love, cherish and protect," in a few weeks sought to escape his responsibility by obtaining a transfer in territory to another state, but the plan was upset when we obtained an order on the company for payment should "Mr. J." forget to remit. His resignation followed by request of his company, and then the abused little man went to work for his father (just here let me say, Jeanson, Jr., is not lazy).

During the next three months I received the

munificent sum of one dollar. Through misrepresenting conditions to Probation Officer Graves, Mr. J. succeeded in evading the jurisdiction of the Court by taking a new road position and getting outside the State. Secure within himself thought he, but it was not destined so to be. An unwholesome escapade caused him to receive a wire at La Porte, Indiana, from his employer, Mr. Horton, of the *Railway Age Gazette,* saying, "Your services no longer required."

Next we find our "Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde," managing the South Side Division of the Chicago branch of the International Correspondence School. A letter from the Hon. Frank L. Graves reminding Mr. J. of his obligation, received no response. Much correspondence followed with the General Manager of Schools, all unavailing. By-the-way, the International Correspondence School is a great educational institution, represented by men of intelligent minds, therefore, I will not quote any of their correspondence to the Hon. Frank L. Graves, for in repeating the ridiculous statements of Mr. J., so obviously malicious in their makeup, I fear I might hazard the integrity and ruin the ethical standard of more than this one representative who has proven his eligibility for membership in the Ananias club.

Having authentic information, obtained by the late Archibald J. McKinny, that Mr. J. was living with a young lassie whom he represented

as his wife, and believing he had violated the Mann Act by transporting her from New York to Illinois, Officer Graves (who being a father is very much more interested in saving other girls) advised my going to Chicago and bringing the guilty one to justice. At first the suggestion did not appeal to me, but after some logical reasoning by Miss Blandford, a dear little woman representing the Brooklyn Association for Improving the Conditions of the Poor (whom I chanced to meet in Mr. Graves' office), and discussing the matter with the late Chief Probation Officer McKinny, who made plain my duty, I promised to go.

The following day transportation was furnished by Miss Jessie M. Hixon, a great, big, whole-hearted woman of marked executive ability, who serves in the capacity of General Agent for the B. A. I. C. P. This friendly society is devoid of red tape, hence service is prompt and efficient. In less than two hours after I had called at the office, to say I could leave the next day, I was on a train bound for the "Windy City" to stir up a little dust.

CHAPTER VII.

MORE OF COURTS AND THE LAW.

The trip was a blessing in disguise, for the Lord enabled me to cheer and comfort two sad hearts; one the mother going to a daughter seriously ill in the hospital in Crown Point, Indiana, and the other a dear woman who was on her way to a dying sister in Dakota.

Arriving in Chicago I went directly to the Windsor Clifton Hotel, and early next morning I proceeded to the Court House, there to interview the Hon. John W. Houston, to whom I had a letter of introduction from the late Hon. Archibald J. McKinny, Chief Probation Officer of Brooklyn, who was a progressive man with the courage of his convictions, and lest I forget, I want to congratulate Chicago on the splendidly organized and systematized Probation department, presided over by the Hon. John W. Houston and his able force of helpers, including Miss Tousley, first assistant, who is a host in herself.

Judge Houston introduced me to Mr. James Bell, a kindly gentleman possessing much of that most of all uncommon blessing called common sense. Mr. Bell escorted me to the office of Inspector Hunt of the Detective Bureau, to whom our business was quickly explained and then two great, big, strongarm officers (Messrs. Eagan and Dillon) were called in to receive their

orders. Before two o'clock the gay Lothario and his mistress were undergoing a cross examination in the office of Lieutenant Sheehan. But lo and behold, there was no law (some of the officials said) by which to hold the criminals. Consternation prevailed for the moment, when in walked the dignified Inspector Hunt and a very fine appearing gentleman named Sullivan, who understood the law and immediately booked the man on a criminal charge and the lassie was merely held as a witness (she having admitted meeting Mr. J. in Cornell, N. Y., and corresponding after his departure, being induced by him to come to Chicago and having a furnished flat provided for her by him upon her arrival, meanwhile steadfastly refusing to admit Mr. J. had paid her fare or commercialized her, which is necessary for a conviction under the Mann Act). Displaying temper instead of appreciation for kind consideration, the Inspector ordered, "Book her too," to which she violently responded, "I don't care if you do, bail will be furnished by the Superintendent of the International Correspondence School." Officers seemed to think the young lady much deceived by Mr. J., but I am not so sure, for she appeared to me a bold, brazen creature; yet I pitied her and her sister, two years her senior, who had been arrested only a short time before for disorderly conduct.

Two days later defendants appeared in the Morals Court, where the Hon. Judge Uhler deals out justice and mercy in allopathic doses. Defend-

ant's counsel moves for continuance of twenty days to prepare for trial (four days granted). Reappearing, the defendant's counsel made another move in playing checkers with the law. Asking for change of venue and jury trial. Case set for April 27th, almost four weeks hence. Delays of this kind often impose so much hardship on a witness that they give up in disgust. Not being a "quitter," I "stood pat," and having secured a warrant on the charge of abandonment I followed my recreant spouse into the Court of Domestic Relation, presided over by the Hon. John L. Newcomer, a God-fearing man who measures out a square deal to *both men* and *women,* ninety-nine times out of a hundred. Here defendant's counsel again requests change of venue and jury trial, but the State's Attorney, an able young man named Green, opposed vigorously. We finally compromised by having the other case advanced on the calendar to April 11th, and our abandonment charge put over until the 13th (lucky day for me, I was born on the 13th).

We next appear before the Hon. Judge Welles. State represented by a very conscientious man named Sterret. After waiting only two hours for defendant's counsel, during which time the telephone was kept busy trying to locate said gentleman, he rushed into court, but not until the bailiff had been ordered by Judge Welles to investigate *why* the delay. Court adjourned until two o'clock (patience having perfect way). Now every one will agree that circumstantial evidence can hang

an innocent man, but did it ever occur to you that it can make the guilty free? Notwithstanding, Mr. Koch, the landlord, testifying that Mr. J. had rented the flat for himself and wife, that they had gone in and out of the house together for over four months, and Lieutenant Sheehan, to whom the girl first admited her relations with Mr. J., also the testimony of officers McCarthy and Miss Orrie, who had met Mr. and Mrs. Jeanson through the latter's sister's arrest and probation, the judge (well versed in the law) decided to follow the letter rather than the spirit, and dismissed the case for lack of evidence. (The criminals rejoice vociferously and make merry generally.)

To Judge Newcomer's Court on April 13th and 14th, there we have a lively skirmish with the defendant's counsel, particularly the senior member, whose vicious tactics were not only beneath the dignity of the profession, but a disgrace to any real lawyer. In this court the complainant aided by the Hon. Eugene Quirk, State's Attorney, a man who believes in "fair play" and a "square deal," won a victory, for the Judge not only vindicated the wife from the diabolical accusations told in the tarring process of defense, but also proved the defendant guilty by his own testimony of the other crime, and ordered him to pay six dollars a week for one year and furnish a surety bond, in lieu thereof six months in the House of Correction.

The next day I made my final appearance

before the bar of this just Judge to listen to the speech of defendant's counsel in making motion to carry the case to the Appellate Court, and the end is not yet for we will come in due time to the Divorce Court, a much abused institution, nevertheless a boon to many and therefore cannot be altogether of the evil one.

Revenge and jealousy have never entered my mind in connection with this dreadful experience. The lessons I have learned will be helpful; the discipline must make me a better woman and a more forceful worker. "As a man soweth that shall he also reap" is as true in the natural world as it is in the spiritual. Sin brings sorrow, disease and death. Mr. J. is bright and capable, sings fairly well and is a talented violinist, as a salesman he has possibilities. Why he prefers the fast life is perhaps best explained in his own words: "Because I have not the capacity to appreciate the good." All things are possible with Jehovah. No task too hard for Him. Prayerfully I submit to the Almighty the reformation and the transformation of this exceedingly trying proposition.

CHAPTER VIII.

MY PHILOSOPHY.

Marriage is natural and of Divine origin; but the old maxim that marriages are made in heaven has become almost a thing of the past. Fact is, God joins very few together now-a-days.

Home, the greatest institution on Earth, but without high ideals and a standard of living, home becomes merely four square walls. Too many young women, for a meal ticket, marry a suit of clothes thinking they have a man, and often the preacher's ceremony simply legalizes self-abasement. All women are not good and all men are not bad.

The man who is lucky enough to have a kind, good, home-loving wife ought to appreciate her, for she is a priceless jewel and not easily duplicated; and the woman who is fortunate in having a clean, wholesome man for a husband, should value him above all earthly treasures, for they are not very plentiful this side of heaven.

Women who nag their husbands and fear to have them out of their sight, are not only a blasphemy to God, but a thorn in the flesh of the man. True love trusts the object of their affection.

Men who cannot discriminate between a womanly woman and a fashion plate, haven't very much gray matter, and if given rope will

soon hang themselves, and the men who enjoy cabaret dancers and creatures of that kind, haven't enough brains to rattle in a thimble. Therefore, they cannot be expected to discern between the genuine and the counterfeit.

I pity the thousands of women who in anguish of spirit die daily because of the infidelity of an erring husband. Worse than this through kindness of heart, dread of letting the world know, or the possibility of another woman marrying their man (?), these poor, dear women will not only tell the lie, but live it three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. Cheer up my sisters, strengthen your vertebræ, let no man spoil your mission in life. God sent you here for a purpose, find your place and throw your life into it. You cannot make one good unless that one wills it so to be. Then why waste time in grieving or striving for that which you cannot obtain? I would rather have a million gossip vendors wagging their tongues for a thousand years, than live with a moral leper one day.

The Psalmist said, "Though a man fall he shall not be utterly cast down." But I believe society should brand the fallen man the same as the fallen woman, and compel him to tread his pathway back to honor and virtue just as long and as penitently as she of the so-called weaker sex, to whom the Master said, "Thy sins are forgiven thee, go and sin no more." Never worry, dear reader, about what people will say, know you are right, then go ahead. You will be

talked about no matter what you do or how you do it. Many will censure, few will praise. Remember to "set your small watch by the great Regulator and let the opinion of the world count for naught." Nine times out of ten, the one who does the talking would have plenty to do if he or she would set about to clean up their own back yard. Every family has somewhere a skeleton, either of one kind or another. Gossip vending should be made a felony and prosecuted vigorously. More women would be found guilty than men. When found, the gossiping man should be given the limit, prove the lie when you can, but never chase it, for if you do you will have an endless run. Lies like fleas multiply swiftly. My sympathy goes out to the man or woman who discouraged in the fight for right, are tempted to give up in despair. If they could only believe that though victory may be deferred for a season, it will come, surely come. Dishonesty in time will crumble to dust, right ultimately triumphs over every wrong. True, "life is a toil and love is a trouble, riches will fade and beauty will die." Everything in this life is transient, only the eternal abides.

The real joy of life is found in doing good. To be effective we must fight every step of the way. Knocked down today, we bob up on the morrow smiling, please don't you forget. Firm as a rock stand by your guns. Though earthly friends may falter, you will not be alone. Unseen angels are round about us, claim the promise

in Holy Writ, "I will not leave thee, neither forsake thee." Like Joshua of old, trust Him and "lean not to your own understanding." Better to help ten and be deceived, than to overlook the one who is worthy. Optimism radiates cheer, and sunshine disseminated in dark places will net an income of over one hundred per cent profit.

CHAPTER IX.

CONSERVATIVE VERSUS PROGRESSIVE.

A member of the Band of Hope as a child, it required only a step for me to become a member of the Women's Christian Temperance Union in Minnesota. Working harmoniously for five years in Minneapolis as President, Organizer and Superintendent of Legislation in local, county and state Union, active in the prohibition movement with W. J. Calderwood, in Woman Suffrage with Mrs. Maude C. Stockwell, Mrs. A. L. Russell* (who sort of mothered me), and Dr. Cora Smith King (now of Washington), talking in jails and missions, visiting sick and shut-ins, teaching in Sunday School, junior societies and the Florence Crittenton Home, I toiled on steadily, but always in a very quiet conservative way. Coming to Milwaukee (a stranger) I visited a meeting of the First Milwaukee Women's Christian Temperance Union, and was invited to the County Convention. There to my great surprise, I was nominated as the "dark horse" during a spirited contest for the presidency. Elected under protest, I tendered my resignation, but it was not accepted. State officers and national lecturers who were present at the convention urged me to remain leader for the work's sake. Young in years and inexperienced

*Deceased.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

A Corner in Work Shop.

in factional fights, I tried to remain neutral, and by so doing earned the title of "school girl" and "baby" from the older stalwarts who opposed my policy.

Being of a practical turn of mind, our first aim was to harmonize the factions, emphasizing the C H R I S T I A N (for some members acted like they thought C stood for CATTY). Strengthening the three existing unions by increasing the membership, enlarging the borders by organizing more unions, adopting business-like methods, banking funds in the name of the organization instead of the private account of the treasurer, abolishing commissions for the collection of funds (robbing donors by twenty-five, thirty-five and even as high as sixty per cent on the dollar, is a crime in my estimation and ought not go unpunished), laying the foundation for future generations by educating more children through the junior legion, and by the young people's branch training those who must soon take our places when with folded hands we lay down our burden.

During one stormy session of the County Board, my eyes were opened through a veil of tears to the fallacy of non-partisan methods, and thus I became a progressive. As President I received the hearty co-operation of all but the leaders in the First Union. We gained scores of members and organized five new unions, two Afro-American, one Y Branch and one Legion. Personally I solicited funds for a drinking foun-

tain, established same on a street corner where over five hundred laborers passed four times daily, and introduced the rest tent at the Wisconsin State Fair, of which you will read more later. After two and one-half years, I retired to devote all my time to the rescue of unfortunate girls.

. . . Women's Christian Temperance Union—Mrs. Perkins retired from the presidency and will devote her time to evangelistic and rescue work. Mrs. Perkins is a woman of splendid capabilities, possessed with strong conviction for the right, energy and enthusiasm that makes things go and wins others to our cause. Her whole heart is poured into her work, but above all she so sweetly follows in the footsteps of her Master. During the convention many complimentary things were heard, but of all the pretty things Miss Cassie Smith said the sweetest when she told the ladies—Mrs. Perkins presided and in so many ways reminded her of Francis Willard—truly it may be said of Mrs. Perkins: Her's is a sweet, rare spirit. . . . On behalf of our "Y," Miss Maud Barndt presented Mrs. Perkins with a huge bouquet of pink roses and Mrs. Philipps on behalf of White Ribbon friends, presented Mrs. Perkins with an envelope containing twenty-five dollars as a token of love and appreciation.—*B. Hake, Press Supt. Y.W.C.T.U. —The Motor.*

. . . Norah Perkins is one of the enthusiastic promoters of the rescue work. After two and one-half years of active service as president of the Milwaukee County W.C.T.U., Mrs. Perkins will withdraw from the association and will devote her time to rescue work among girls.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

. . . I hope you will not resign. I appreciate how you feel. . . . I know I can rely upon you. . . . *Mary C. Upham, Pres. Wisconsin, W.C.T.U.**

. . . The unions in your county are all paid up. I hope you can continue the good work.—*Ida M. Cook, Treas. Wisconsin, W. C. T. U.*

. . . The writer and Mrs. Retta Rohr audited all accounts of Norah Perkins during her first year as president of the Milwaukee W.C.T.U. and found same absolutely correct. . . . Report adopted by convention and will be found on file.—*Mrs Rhoda Philipps, Milwaukee.*

. . . I shall never forget our associations in the Women's Christian Temperance Union in Milwaukee. . . . Your enthusiasm made Willard Union prosper and gave it more life than it ever had, and I have known the condition for years. . . . As auditors, Mrs. O. F. Willis and I went carefully over all of your accounts and I made the report at the County Convention—your finances were correct in every detail.—*Mrs. Edna Peterson, Winthrop Harbor, Ill.*

. . . Norah Perkins, president of the Milwaukee County Woman's Christian Temperance Union, comes to us highly recommended from Minnesota where she held the responsible position of State Superintendent of Legislative work. She has also had large experience as an organizer and president of a local union.—*Rhetta Rohr, Secretary Milwaukee County. W.C.T.U.—Milwaukee Sentinel.*

. . . Norah Perkins, re-elected president of the Milwaukee County W.C.T.U. Friends of Mrs. Perkins regard her re-election by a large majority as a vindication and endorsement of her adminis-

* Deceased.

tration during the last year and the county convention emphasized the fact that though the opposition to her is very bitter, the loyalty of the larger number of the White Ribboners is more intense. She was generally commended for the sweet spirited manner in which she presided over a convention that was anything but harmonious. During the convention she was presented with a potted palm from the Loyal Legion that bears her name, and a friend sent her a handsome handbag.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

. . . I have known Mrs. Norah Perkins as an organizer in church work, also the W.C.T.U. She has done an intestimable amount of good through her rescue work here and elsewhere. A conscientious, devoted, tireless, Christian worker who never allows anything to interfere where duty calls her.—*Mrs. Carrie Russell, Minneapolis.*

. . . I have known Norah Perkins for many years. Associated with her in church and W.C.T.U. work in Milwaukee. She is aggressive, progressive, fearless, evangelistic and sensible, always womanly —*Charlotte E. Price, Bad Axe, Mich.*

. . . Norah Perkins greeted the convention in behalf of the Prohibition Club and the Wisconsin Woman's Suffrage Association. She gave a brief but helpful talk to mothers on social purity. Her talk revealed much experience in rescue work, while she urged the necessity of preventive work.—*Green County W.C.T.U. Convention.—Report in The Monroe Sentinel.*

. . . Good work for the Temple is being done in Milwaukee County. They have as president an able woman, Mrs. Perkins, and she is just as she is able.—*Mrs. M. B. Carse—Temple Appeal.*

. . . Concerning your W.C.T.U. work in Milwaukee and Minneapolis, it seemed to me to be

good and effective, and I enjoyed working with you. I know you had many trying circumstances to overcome in Milwaukee and I thought you met them patiently and bravely.—*Louise E. Hollister, National Organizer and Lecturer, National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.*

(*Miss Hollister is a lovely christian character, able as an organizer and forceful as a speaker. She is for the uplift everywhere.—Norah Perkins.*)

To whom it may concern:—

The Oshkosh Woman's Christian Temperance Union desires to make known the deplorable attitude of our State President. Mrs. W. A. Lawson also Miss Mary Money, concerning one Mrs. Norah Perkins-Jeanson a member of our union.

Mrs. Jeanson was invited upon different occasions by several members of our union including our president, Mrs. Williams (who by the way is a neighbor of Mrs. Jeanson) to join us but always declined. Finally after addressing two of our meetings (by urgent invitation) she yielded to our persuasion and became a member, paying her dues in the open meeting. All was harmonious except for the attitude of our recording secretary who was a new recruit. (Also a neighbor of Mrs. Jeanson and Mrs. Williams.)

Some feeling had crept in because of intimacy between Mrs. Williams' daughter and Mrs. Jeanson. Trouble began but in a silent way. It was known by a few of our women that Mrs. Jeanson while Mrs. Perkins had experienced much of unpleasantness in Milwaukee in connection with the W.C.T.U. and our recording secretary wrote Mrs. Lawson unbeknown to anyone, even our president. Though later she confided in part to two of our members. The business meeting followed two weeks later and to the surprise and chagrin of our union, Mrs. Law-

son and Miss Money came to our union to vigorously oppose Mrs. Jeanson's membership. Insinuating much that was very detrimental (giving cause for legal action) and manifesting anything but a Christian spirit. Repeatedly reference was made by letter and word to "the first Milwaukee union" and we discovered upon investigation that it was this union or rather "leading spirits" in that union that bitterly opposed Mrs. Perkins in her work as county president for two and one-half years. Had our sister been even as represented by those opposing we would have expected Christian treatment from Christian women. We only wonder that any work was accomplished in Milwaukee, with such antagonism to contend with. Our union labors for the cause, not self-glory of individuals, and as a Christian organization we would extend the helping hand. Mrs. Jeanson is not a boaster, glories not in herself or in her work, but has ample proof for successful labor in Milwaukee and much elsewhere. We are proud to have her one of our number. We resent the disgrace brought upon our union by the three White Ribbon Women, and only hope they will see the error of their way, confess their wrong and ask pardon.

As we are a part of the state union paying dues therein, we ask that no more money be wasted paying expenses for the state president, Mrs. Lawson, to travel around trying to down someone for whom she or her friends have a personal dislike. And we therefore, entreat the Wisconsin Woman's Christian Temperance Union to put the blame for this disgraceful controversy where it belongs, namely, on Mrs. Lawson, Miss Mary Money, and Mrs. Belle Nugent Gross, ex-recording secretary for the Oshkosh W.C.T.U. . . . —*Mrs. Esther Williams, Pres.; Mrs. M. J. O'Hara, Secretary.*

This letter ordered by unanimous consent of our union

CHAPTER X.

OUR SISTERS.

At the close of a Bible reading with the girls in the Florence Crittenton Home in Minneapolis, Mother Prindle (a blessed Saint of God now in glory) took me in her arms and said, "God needs you in rescue work." Later while entertaining Mr. C. N. Crittenton,* the Merchant Evangelist, and Mr. and Mrs. Moffit at dinner one evening, Mr. Crittenton suddenly looked at me and said, "Rescuing girls your mission in life."

The following morning I read in the paper of a poor unfortunate girl being bitten by a rattlesnake and in a dying condition in the hospital. She had been the sole support of the family; mother was ill and destitute. Here was an opportunity to help. In company with my mother, who opposed my going, we arrived at the house, a rear ramshackle building that looked like anything but a home. The woman, pale, gray and emaciated, did not take kindly to our offer. Disappointed I turned away to be scolded by mother every step of the way home. All afternoon and evening the face of that woman haunted me, and the next morning I resolved to try again. Inviting a friend from the Riverside Mission (for in this work I do not think one should go alone) I sought once more to "lend a hand," and was received most gladly but sadly. After cleaning up

*Deceased.

the house I set out to raise funds for a decent burial. The father was a drunkard and gave me much trouble, one time dragging the dead body off the board in his maudlin effort to make the daughter wake up, for he could not realize she was gone. Standing by the coffin, two former companions in the life of shame, turned to each other and one remarked, "We ought to give up this life now." To me she said, "I wish more good women would tell us how." The funeral was quite Christian and I was enabled to pay all bills.

Once while visiting a procuress, an old woman seventy-five years old of fine family connections, who worked under the blind of a cigar and confectionery store, I was asked by her to pray. While doing so I distinctly heard a voice say "Get up," and obeying the divine order by abruptly ending my prayer, I was shocked to see the face of a human beast looking in through the side door. Stunned for the moment, for I knew I was in danger, I recovered my poise and asked the Madam how she could do me harm when I had always been kind. Overcome by the unexpected ending she explained (while I backed out the door) that if I had seen a man he must have been the grocer, but we learned that he was a very vile man engaged in the liquor business. Fortunately for society he died soon after.

In Chicago I was associated with the Beulah Homes and the Rev. Ernest A. Bell in midnight missions. One night while assisting the latter

and his helpers in a street meeting in the "Red Light" district of Chicago, our attention was attracted to a party of three, two men and a young woman coming down the street. The girl walked between the men and we noticed one fellow carrying a new suit case. As they passed us, we noted special effort was made by the men to divert the girl's attention from our service. At once we knew "a new girl" was being led into a life of shame. Brother Bell and the writer followed the trio. In a few moments we saw them enter one of the lowest dives on the street. Lifting our hearts to God for guidance, we entered the resort. The poor girl and these two brutes in human form were seated at a table. Without any introduction, Brother Bell demanded to know of the men, "Who is this young girl?" "A friend," one answered, only to be contradicted by the other saying, "She is his wife." Then followed a hasty explanation to the dear one of where she was and what the end would be. The girl's mind being dulled with liquor and confused by her position, knew not what to say. The men "put on a bolder front," Brother Bell retired in defeat, as the keeper and his inmates thought. The writer remained to distribute tracts, so the house believed, but more truly to "hold the fort" and see no escape was made.

To show my readers that honor and principle are not entirely lost by the "outcast" sisters, let me tell you of a girl seated at another table drinking. While presenting her with a helpful leaflet

and whispering a kindly word, she drew my face close down to hers, and this is what she said: "You're a good woman. I'm 'on the town' fifteen years, but never have I influenced a girl to stay in sin; have helped many out. She (referring to the other girl) is decent, at least so far as a place of this kind is concerned, and I'll help to get her out." Turning to her male companion, she asked, "Did I not tell you this?" The man nodded assent, and then she said: "One of those men is that girl's seducer." Placing a kiss upon our sister's forehead and thanking her for her friendship I looked up, for affairs had taken quite a turn. But for the timely arrival of Brother Bell and a policeman, I don't know what might have happened. The keeper was desperate and excitement was tense. One of the men disappeared and the one arrested made his escape while the former was being sought. The girl was taken to the station house. The captain ordered arrest of men if found, but they had made their escape. However, they were subsequently arrested and served time. Next day we learned from the girl's own lips the following story:

Her "friend" as she termed the one man, she had known when a child of ten years; his mother lived in her home town. She grew to young womanhood, he to older manhood; married, deserting wife and baby, because he could not love but one—our poor misled young sister.

Love begets love, and soon her ruin was ac-

complished under the promise of marriage. Then he went away returning at intervals and making excuses for the delay of the wedding. Finally two tickets were sent to her to come to Chicago and bring a girl friend, but the friend would not go. Arriving at the station, she was met by her lover and his chum. They would be married in a few days, and as they walked along en route to the hotel they stopped at several saloons, ostensibly to show friends the beautiful bride to be. A few light drinks, "just to be sociable," and as they walked on, the glare of the "Red Light" caused the girl to question the man of her trust. Wonderful the stories of a gay life; fabulous wealth, all made in a night; many were his friends in these places. She need not do wrong, just dance and jolly; he would kill her if she were untrue, because he loved her so. With his $25 a week and a lot of quick money from her, they would soon have sufficient fortune to go in business and own their own cozy home.

By this time their destination was reached (namely, the dive, not the hotel), but thank God the prayer of Christian parents in the Ohio town to keep safe their darling girl while visiting in the city of Chicago had been heard; and Providence sent us to help in rescuing the dear one, from a fate worse than death.

Two days later we saw our sister aboard a train in charge of the conductor, bound for the home from whence she came to help build her own as she had thought. It is needless to say

her gratitude knew no bounds, as she bade us "Good-bye," her last words were: "How could he do it? I loved him so." "May be you can save him."

One afternoon in Chicago my friend Birdette Hake of Milwaukee and the writer attended a meeting where Dr. Torrey talked on "Soul Winning," emphasizing our making the best of every opportunity. He said if we wanted we could all go out for souls on leaving the tent. I thought much of the many opportunities we miss daily, and as I had no knowledge of any definite work that day, I just asked God to manifest His Spirit in some way that we might know we had not lived the day in vain. What do you think? In less than fifteen minutes after we left that meeting God sent a poor drunken woman up the street to meet us. She was wet and dirty—it was raining—and as she passed by, I looked upon her with pity and for a moment wondered, what we could do? We were only there for a day or two and every moment occupied.

The poor creature accosted a man in front of a saloon and presumably asked him to buy her a drink. He shook his head and the wreck of a woman turned away with disappointment written in her countenance, and would you believe it, walked our way again. I need not tell you what happened, suffice to say, loving arms enfolded her and in a few moments we had boarded a car and soon she was left in a rescue home where Christian friends received her and pointed the

way to the "Lamb of God Who taketh away the sin of the world." I only wish you could have witnessed her gratitude as she kissed our hands and said, "It seems too good to be true that I'm to have Christian friends and a home and by and by a position where I can earn honest money again."

In rescuing a girl from the "Bad Lands" in Milwaukee, I escaped a beating at the hands of the Madam by sliding down a bannister, then dropping a few feet to the ground and running thru the alley to Wells Street where I fell into the arms of a pedestrian.

Leaving a house one night in the Red Light District of St. Paul a bullet whizzed past my face. Ducking my head I missed the second. The villainous wretch with the gun proved to be a professional "Bouncer" employed in the District. He claimed to have shot to frighten some ruffians more than a block away.

While talking to a girl in a resort in Terre Haute, the Master of the White Slave yelled out "Go to your room." Not moving quick enough to please the irate monster the poor unfortunate girl was almost stripped of her flimsy covering and literally thrown into another room.

Aroused by the unwise remark of a preacher friend who was one of my group of helpers during my midnight mission work in Minneapolis, the proprietor of a so-called "nice" saloon grabbed a number of glasses and began hurling them our way. Stepping up nearer the

bar while signaling for the workers to withdraw I apologized to the saloon keeper for the remark of my friend, then went on to define my attitude concerning the saloon business. I told my brother behind the bar God had something better in store for him and pleaded for the sake of Mother and home that he "seek the Lord and His righteousness." I said I did not blame the saloon keeper half as much as I did the Christian voter who gave his ballot to elect men to office who upheld the saloon and all its many evils. Since most men embark in the trade for the revenue I warned the brother against ill-gotten gains. "For what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Furthermore, I said, the saloon was a weapon of destruction, devastating homes, blighting lives, breeding crime and sending perishing souls into an eternity of blackest night.

Anger and excitement subsided. This saloon man became my friend. (Later he offered to one of the police officers, also three local workers to contribute fifteen dollars a month toward my salary if I would continue the midnight work permanently.)

Refusing to give my picture to the newspaper reporters covering a convention of Rescue Workers, one bright up-to-date lad said he would "get me." I thought he meant with the Camera Man. That night (unknown to me) I was sketched while kneeling in prayer with the inmates and missionaries visiting in a house of

shame. The next morning my hostess called my attention to the front page of the St. Louis *Star-Chronicle*. There was my picture sketched by the staff artist, who had drawn the drapery too closely to the form, thus attracting the eye to the figure. This grieved me sorely and I cried like a child about it. Pastor Flower and his precious wife vainly tried to comfort me; saying, out of it some "good" would come. Two o'clock the following morning my heart was made glad when a poor unfortunate girl having learned of the Rescue Home thru the picture and the story, rang the bell and ask if she could see the missionary that loved the "erring Sisters." Brother Flower opened wide the door and in that "wee" morning hour, the writer and Sister Flower lead poor little Florence (the ex-wife of a well known lawyer) into the "peace that passeth all understanding."

Nellie, the Madam of a so-called select house in Milwaukee, declined to permit our talking to her girls. It was about Christmas time and my friend and I had called to inquire about a former inmate in whom we were interested. "Talking of home and mother at this season of the year would ruin my business" said the landlady. "For even though some of the girls had no home and very poor mothers, they can't resist the picture that you will bring." Nellie was sweet and womanly, unlike the harsher type of Madams; soon she was weeping. We promised to call after the holidays. Illness prevented my going,

but I sent her flowers and a loving message from time to time. Soon prayers were answered by her surrender to the Christian faith. She is now married and happy. Her first husband was unfaithful, and to "get even" she said, "she tried the same way," gradually drifting until we found her. Her present husband was not unmindful of her record, but man enough to accept her worst knowing same was better than his best.

In rescuing Ruby a lovely young girl who had been led into sin by her stepmother, the Madam somewhat under the influence of liquor, became enraged because I refused to pay the exorbitant bill she demanded for clothing, room and board. Grabbing a beer bottle she made a drive for my head, but I dodged in time and pushing my charge through the door we escaped in a taxi, Ruby with only the clothing she wore.

In Minneapolis, in the Red Light District, we discovered four little Japanese women unable to understand or speak English, other than "pass the time of day." Poor little darlings, bound in sin, how our hearts ached as we prayed our Father to win them by the gentle Holy Spirit, to Jesus our Saviour and their Saviour too, and to help Christian America awake to her duty and free these foreign slaves. One little Japanese slipped a dollar in my hand and seemed so disappointed when I would not keep it. But the Word commands us to "Touch not the unclean thing," and as a Christian I dare not accept anything earned through the sale of virtue.

The following letters are among my most cherished possessions.

My Dear Mrs. Perkins:—

I have been praying much for your recovery. I know God will answer my prayer. I tell Him how much you are to me and how I love you. Just think from where you lifted me. Who would believe that I who had fallen so low, could today be teaching in this institution. More than this I have the love and confidence of my poor sisters with whom I lived in the old life. . . . Have no fear dear Mrs. Perkins, I will never tell my past. The down-fall of——— taught me never to trust any one but you. Yes, I believe there are others who would be true but I might not find them.——— poor child confided in——— for she felt she must tell some one and in less time than it takes to tell everyone knew and her so-called friends and position were gone. As you say, it is better to forget.

Must now say "Adieu" and go to my work. With my heart's best love.—*P.*

My Dear Mrs. Perkins:—

I am getting on fine with my studies. Like Chicago very much though I see little of it. Hope I can come and see you very soon. So much to tell you. I lost my temper yesterday, first time in a week. Am reading first Corinthians, thirteenth chapter, daily, as you suggested, also trying to forget the House of Correction and all my unhappy past. Sincerely hope you have a good meeting Sunday. I pray God to help you save *some girls* as you have your grateful.—*Adelaide.*

CHAPTER XI.

WHAT MEN SAY.

The St. Louis *Star Chronicle,* reporting our work in the Red Light District:

A MAN'S SAD STORY.

"There's something in this mission business, said one to the other outside. I'd always considered this sort of thing mere meddling, and useless meddling at that. But suppose my sister fell as these girls did? Sup——" But that is as far as he got, for the other cried—"Stop! Jack, please stop, my sister fell."

Extracts from a report in the *Light House Messenger,* by the writer.

One night we were wonderfully favored of God in being brought face to face with a number of the patrons of these houses of shame. And before these men had time to escape we had preached to them Jesus, the gospel's single standard of purity and their duty to all womanhood, since their mother was a woman. One man fell on his knees crying, "I'm a sinner, pray for me." Others promised to forsake sin and in the future look upon every woman as their sister.

In one house as soon as our service was over two men, whose sin had found them out, rushed into the hall and out through the doors saying one to the other as they fairly flew up the street, "Terrible to be caught in such a place, they certainly told the truth." (Referring to our workers.) Brother Ging, the policeman, who by-the-way is a Catholic, remarked. "These men you have talked to tonight have heard more real gospel truth in these few

minutes than they get in a Catholic or Protestant Church in a whole year." Wonder why. Is it because the pulpits somehow forget the pews are in need of this kind of truth?

Soliciting funds for the relief of an unfortunate girl, I called on one of the leading church men in our town. He responded liberally, but during our conversation it developed that in his early youth his father had talked over the sex problem and warning against promiscuous patronage, had recommended a reliable house for protection, and this benighted church man went on to say, he was bringing up his son in the same way. God help fathers to realize their responsibility and awaken to the truth that there is no protection in the social evil.

Going into the office of a business man one day, I found him in great distress. Confidingly he admitted his relations with his wife's best friend, and fearful that she would find them out, asked advice as to how he could break away. Handling the situation without gloves in my effort to show him the wretch he was, he became very angry, and invited me out of his office. Writing me later to call; apologizing profusely, he said "he was a fool"; credited me with having made him see himself the scoundrel that he was, and turning him about face toward Heaven; we are today the best of friends.

Calling in an Afro-American house to obtain the clothing of an inmate who was "doing time" in the House of Correction, and who had prom-

ised to reform, my co-worker and I were invited into the dance hall for a brief chat. Looking out into the hall when the bell rang, I thought I recognized the man entering. Surely he must be there to collect a bill, thought I. Not wanting to antagonize the Madam we decided to compromise by paying part of the debt (landladies always keep inmates in debt) and thereby retain Madam's friendship for future work in the house. Leaving my friend I went out to arrange for a trunk and expressman. Returning I met face to face the man I had seen enter, who exclaimed! "Are you here?" At his request I called on him at his business the next day, there to hear him say, "I hate myself when I think I have fallen so low." "Pray for me and promise to keep this secret. I'll never go there again." Needless to say, we made him a special object of prayer.

From experience and observation I believe seventy-five per cent of our erring sisters could be redeemed if the love of God was demonstrated in a more practical way. Special training is necessary in doing this work. Abandoned women, unless totally degraded, are keenly sensitive and therefore should never be submitted to the gaze of the morbid curiosity seeker. Rescue workers need much love and gentle firmness, divine wisdom and a willingness to "pray through." Redeemed women unlike reformed men, cannot be exhibited in private or public, for society has not yet learned, that the man falls as low as the woman, and that the man also falls as

far as the woman. There is no difference; "both have sinned." God is no respecter of persons, and there is no degree of sinning. The false teaching of a double standard of morals must be buried in the pit whence it originated; if the boy must sow "wild oats," why not the girl? Both are human and under normal conditions subject to the same passion. If we demand purity and virtue in the woman, why not in the man? And if our American manhood has fallen so base and low that they demand the immoral woman as a necessary evil, then compel these same men as fathers and brothers, to sacrifice their daughters and sisters upon the altar of their own shame, and let the more fortunate women in sack cloth and ashes fall down and worship our erring sisters for having saved us from such a fate. In my experience rescuing girls, I have found the vast majority fell from the path of virtue through affection for some man (?). Women love more deeply than men, and no sacrifice is too great for them to make for the object of their affection. Through this weakness much ruin is wrought. Put to the test by temptation in the unguarded moment, many fall only to drift farther and farther away. Fallen men have no difficulty in holding their place in society. With a good suit of clothes and a bit of silver as passports, they can go anywhere. But heaven pity the fallen woman, she must have strength of character enough to bury her past in the sea of God's forgetfulness, and courage to struggle on looking

forward, never back. The author rejoices in having plucked some of these brands from the burning, and their lives daily testify, as do thousands of others, that it is possible for erring women to make good.

To Whom It May Concern:—

This is to certify that Norah Perkins has been with us in the work of Beulah Homes. Her work has been very satisfactory. We highly recommend her to the fellowship of all God's people. She is efficient in her work and a most blessed christian. —*O. H. Richards, Supt. Beulah Homes, Chicago.*

As a police sergeant on the Minneapolis force and as one who loves to recommend my Lord and Saviour to men and women who are on the broad road that leads to destruction, I beg to give my testimonial based on personal observation of the God given work of preaching the gospel to the women of the Red Light District, and to other habitues found inside of the houses. The sister who has led the way is Norah Perkins, whose sisterly way of greeting the women she meets and her tender, sympathetic bearing toward them and especially the comforting assurance she gives them that God loves that one who has been led astray has commended the admiration of myself and my brother police officers who have accompanied us.

In visiting saloons with Mrs. Perkins and other workers, I have seen strong men behind, as well as in front of the bar weeping, and believe many souls have been won to the Saviour, have been wonderfully blessed in my own soul, and count it a rare privilege to have been associated with Mrs. Perkins. —*Wm. McLeod, Police Sergeant.*

. . . As one who has confessed Christ for many years and who has had some experience in the work of winning souls, I beg to bear my testimony of the blessed work carried on in the city of Minneapolis by Norah Perkins. For courage in getting admission to the houses whose occupants are abandoned to a life of ill repute, for cordiality of manner toward the magdalenes, and above all for a clear presentation of the gospel of the grace of God, I know no one superior to Norah Perkins. The remarkable thing is the frank welcome she receives, which to her sister workers is an evidence that she is "sent of God" to this most self-denying work. Mrs. Perkins has also succeeded in getting audiences to listen to the gospel in saloons where in the majority of instances the owner has encouraged her efforts.—*F. Twinch, West Hotel, Minneapolis, Minn.*

. . . The visit of Mrs. Perkins in (her former home city), Minneapolis, has been a great blessing. In the missions of this city we have known three men who have recently given their hearts to God and who told the workers they had no thought about a better life until they heard the gospel in the saloons.—*Mathew Dougherty.*

. . . During several years of my tenure of office as Inspector of the House of Correction, Norah Perkins was interested in uplift work among the female inmates of the institution. From my observation, her work was practical and successful, and she is entitled to commendation from all, for her efforts tending to better the condition of unfortunate women.—*William H. Momsen, Inspector.*

. . . Norah Perkins of Milwaukee is one of the most earnest and enthusiastic rescue workers we

ever met. Her spirit filled testimony and earnest words thrilled all who heard them, and we all felt a deeper interest in lost men and women because of the example of this noble worker among us.—*Rev. J. H. Flower, Light House Messenger.*

. . . Dear Mrs. Perkins—Your work last night was remarkable. I wish you could do it constantly, —*Earnest A. Bell, Supt. Midnight Mission, Chicago, Ill.*

. . . I congratulate you on having learned the secret of compressing power and influence so that much may be done with what many dissipate carelessly.—*Rev. B. H. Moore, Milwaukee.*

. . . Norah Perkins of Milwaukee.—The Lord wonderfully uses this woman in this special line of rescue work.—*Rev. J. B. Lutz, Terra Haute.*

. . . It is now five years since I became a Christian, and I write to thank you for what you have done for me. I am trying to improve daily by God's help. . . . It is glorious to be in Christian work. . . . Wife joins me in love and best wishes. May God bless you for helping me and other young men.—*Jack.*

. . . Doing fine, like my work . . . will return the money pay day. . . . No one has talked to me like you since mother went away. Forty years old tomorrow, twenty years thrown away. . . . God help me to make my future all that it should be. . . . Pray for me.—*Wm.*

. . . Your letter cheered me much. It seemed like mother's used to. . . . You influenced me to pray for the first time in years. . . . I do ask God to help me and I am trying to be a man. Yes

I will look upon the girls as my sisters. . . . You must get well and strong for surely your life is needed in this world, to help boys as well as girls, and there are many boys just like me.—*Herbert.*

. . . Norah Perkins is a demonstrator of sunshine.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

. . . Mrs. Norah Perkins is a very successful evangelist and slum worker. . . . She gave an eloquent and heart touching address. . . . Many in the audience shed tears.—*Waupaca Record-Leader.*

. . . Rescue Workers Visit Half World.—Mrs. Perkins touched the hearts of the more matured women with that familiar picture of a happy home, and mother with the children at the fire-side. . . . —*St. Louis Republic.*

One night I was called into the home of a prominent family to listen to the wife's heart-breaking story of her husband's disloyalty. She had forgiven when she thought her rival superior, but finding another and of a very inferior grade, she was overwhelmed with sorrow and humiliation, and threatened to take the lives of herself and her children. Days and nights I spent with this mother trying to comfort and encourage her. It was a most trying case. For various reasons I thought best to keep the family together, and while the husband was bad, this was not a case for separation. I believed the man could be made over, and he was. Confidence finally restored, the home became happy again, but it cost me many a sleepless hour.

In the boarding house in Brooklyn while reading in the parlor one evening, my attention was diverted by a man's voice pleading with a woman to "do right." We had thought them a lovely couple. The husband was a most devoted lover, but the wife cared only for his money. He knew a gay time was what most appealed to her, and begged me to help her. I tried, but the time seemed wasted, for while trying to help her I learned she was as "crooked as a ram's horn" and had no desire to be good.

CHAPTER XII.

SUFFRAGE FIRST.

I think I must have been born a suffragist, for from my earliest recollection I believed women should vote. The futility of indirect influence cannot be questioned. "Taxation without representation" is as truly tyranny today as it was in 1776. Women are subject to the law therefore they should have a voice in making the law. It is not alone because justice demands for women the ballot as their human right, but because the city, the state, and the nation will be bigger and better in matters pertaining to legislation and government when the opinion of the feminine mind is deposited in the ballot box.

Politics meet us everywhere, at home, in business, in school, at play, and good men could not, if they would improve conditions as they should, for they see only from the man's viewpoint, whereas women will overlook the business and see from the humanitarian side of the question. Women need the ballot as wage workers, and we believe in "Equal pay for equal work." I have heard men respond to toasts such as "Women, our good angels," and woman's angelic qualities have been extolled in high sounding phrases, but when it comes down to the practical application, they look upon us as being good enough for angels, but not good enough for equal privileges.

Few men want to pay these same angelic workers "equal pay for equal work." They do not want to pay the woman teacher more than two-thirds as much as her masculine co-worker. Yet women are expected to pay the same railroad fare when they travel, and the same price for clothing and food.

Suffragists everywhere love their homes better than any place in the wide world and they love their families too. Many of our suffrage mothers have consecrated their sons and daughters to God and have prayed over them by day and by night ever since they first pressed that tiny wee bit of God-given humanity to their bosoms. These darlings are as a rule nice and gentle and very obedient until they reach the age of ten, twelve and fourteen years, then the influence of which we hear so often, wanes. "The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world." This old adage sounds pretty doesn't it? I used to write it in my copy book when a girl in school and I tried to believe it, but as I grew older and looked about for the "rulers" I found not one of them belonged to the sex that rocks the cradle. The hand that rocks the cradle could no doubt rule the world if she could only keep the world in the cradle; but the trouble is the boy outgrows the cradle; pretty soon he kicks it over, loses his respect and sometimes his love for mother. He visits the saloon and other places of iniquity, and mother's power to rule is, alas, a vain dream, despite the singing of the sages. The boy says

"mother has no voice in government, in fact her influence is not very great or far-reaching. I'm going to be a man at twenty-one, I'll vote. I guess I'll be like dad." And if father smokes and drinks Johnny will do likewise. I predict when women vote some boys will vote like mother. Women need the ballot to broaden their minds, make them more companionable in the home and more tolerant of each other.

The author deems it an honor to have had the privilege of taking a small part in the great Woman Suffrage Movement, associating in Minnesota with Mrs. Maude C. Stockwell,* Mrs. A. L. Russell, Dr. Cora Smith King (now of Washington), when a baker's dozen were considered a goodly number to get out for any one local meeting; organizing clubs in Wisconsin under the leadership of Olympia Brown the pioneer; have spoken in parlors, churches, halls and street corners, begged money, baked cakes, washed dishes, canvassed voters, distributed literature, answered anti-statements in numerous papers, even selling the *Woman's Journal* on the street; all for the good of the cause, and—

> It's coming, yes it's coming,
> The dawn for which we pray,
> We will see the world voting
> Yes, for women some very near day.

. . . This is to certify that Norah Perkins has been a loyal member of the Wisconsin Suffrage Association for many years. Her suggestions have

*Deceased.

been valuable and her work speaks for itself. She was one of the Board of Directors for several years. She represented the association most acceptably at the great National Convention in Louisville, 1911, doing the society great service, and again at the National Convention in Philadelphia in 1912. She has done effective work for the society and the Woman's Suffrage Cause. She has always been active and earnest as a member of the society, and I am glad to reckon her among my faithful friends and co-workers.—*Rev. Olympia Brown, Hon. Pres. Wisconsin Woman Suffrage Association.*

. . . I am glad to see that you are not only saying things but doing things, and since you are doing things worth while, you will be a target for all kinds of verbal missiles, for any woman these days who bobs her head up above her fellow woman's will get hit more or less even by the very persons who have benefited by her efforts. The great cry that woman's place is in the home and that women must neglect home duties if they are engaged in public work is all folly. When I was entertained at your home, while helping the Wisconsin Woman Suffrage Association, in their campaign for the vote, I recall how very homelike the atmosphere was and the delightful meals cooked and served by your own hands. This cry of neglecting homes more often applies to the anti-suffragists, for smart, capable women do not neglect home duties no matter what their poltical beliefs may be. Your public work and experiences have certainly qualified you for greater service for your state and nation.—*Minona S. Jones.*

An Oshkosh Woman Executes a Coup. . . . Norah Perkins-Jeanson delivers a talk at the Neenah Round Up. . . . Pleads for the Farmer's Wife. . . . Mrs. Perkins gained the floor although two speakers had been refused the privilege to speak on

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

PIONEER LAUNCH CRUISE FOR SUFFRAGE.

the subject the day before. . . . Mrs. Perkins took the convention quite by storm. . . . Made interesting talk. . . . Suffrage resolution not spread upon the minutes. . . . Received strong aye vote. . . . *Oshkosh Daily Northwestern.*

The Wisconsin Woman's Suffrage Association Launch Campaign. This fine advertisement of our cause will stand out on the pages of our annals as a success, owing to the advance work and untiring efforts made by our charming hostess, Norah Perkins-Jeanson.—*E. C. Priddle, Vice-Pres. W. W. S. A., Wisconsin.*

. . . Norah Perkins-Jeanson of Wisconsin who had charge of selling the Woman's Suffrage Journal, sold the papers coming east on the train, and so interested the men that she held regular suffrage meetings en route.—*Philadelphia Free Press.*

. . . Norah Perkins-Jeanson has been doing yoeman service for the Wisconsin Woman's Suffrage Association as chairman of the finance committee of that organization. She visited many farmers' institutes and other like gatherings and achieved results. Of this the State paper, the *Wisconsin Citizen* says: "She did good work and is especially fitted for it."—*Mrs. A. W. Bolds, The Woman's Advance Guard.*

. . . The *Northwestern* says: "Mrs. Norah Perkins-Jeanson of Oshkosh will soon begin a tour of Wisconsin, making speeches in favor of woman suffrage. She will be remembered as the liveliest delegate from Oshkosh in the auto party of suffragists to Berlin last summer."—*The Berlin Journal.*

. . . Passengers on the Chicago and Northwestern train which hauled a part of the Dodge County Fair crowd to Beaver Dam, Thursday afternoon, tell of a fine tribute which the men passengers

paid to an Oshkosh woman, Mrs. Norah Perkins-Jeanson. She had been to the fair speaking on suffrage and some of the men noticed her in the coach. After a conference they asked her to talk on her favorite subject, and she consented. The men gathered in one end of the coach and Mrs. Perkins told them why they should vote at the coming election to give women the ballot.—*Oshkosh Daily Northwestern.*

While attending the National Convention of Suffragists in Washington in 1913, in company with Mrs. J. B. McHose, Vice President of the Iowa Suffrage Association, we called to see the Hon. William Jennings Bryan, Secretary of State. Explaining to Mr. Wyvell, private secretary, that I had once voted for Mr. Bryan, we were invited to make an appointment. Calling again at the given time we found the Secretary out to luncheon, but we were assured that he would return shortly for men of prominence were waiting. Suggesting to Mrs. McHose that we take a walk through the building I led the way to the outer steps to watch for the return of Mr. Bryan. Soon I spied him coming down the street. Meeting him and introducing my friend I launched into the suffrage question. Mr. Bryan was exceedingly gracious though rather non-committal. After a twenty minute chat Mr. Bryan gave me his subscription to the *Woman's Journal,* saying he would try to read it if he could find time, if not, Mrs. Bryan could read it for him.

Going back to the Convention Hall, Mrs.

McHose told some of the delegates of our meeting with Mr. Bryan. One local "suff" advised our forgetting, for said she, "He will never budge." However, in a few weeks Mr. Bryan publicly declared himself in favor of the enfranchisement of women. Miss Agnes Ryan of the *Woman's Journal* (the most wonderful of all Suffrage papers) in writing me later, kindly gave me credit for having brought about the change, but I never accepted the honor, for I knew Mr. Bryan was converted to the justice of women voting long before our interview that day.

Calling on a chief of police to obtain a permit for a street meeting in the interest of Woman Suffrage, the chief looked at me in the most blank astonishment and said, "No, no we don't want any of that stuff here." "But you believe in my asking the men in our family to vote for your friend, Mr. ——, who is running for office, don't you?" "Oh! yes," said he, and then inquired the kind of meeting I wanted.

"Votes for women," explained yours truly.

Needless to say the permit was granted, for the chief suddenly saw the "light."

One year in our nursery at the State Fair, we checked daily a dear little baby only two weeks old, whose mother assisted by the father gave two performances daily in gymnastics, doing some thrilling stunts in slack wire walking. While visiting in the rest room the husband opposed suffrage for women during his conversa-

tion with Rose Bower (South Dakota's Suffrage Cornetist), emphatically declaring that "Woman's place was in the home." Densely ignorant, he could not see his own wife belonged there, and if women had voted in Wisconsin, she no doubt would have been kept there.

Canvassing for voters with a District Captain during the recent campaign in New York, we interviewed two women at the gate, both were in favor of Woman Suffrage but dared not say so out loud, for their "lord and master" would hear, and as one said, "there will be something doing if he does." Braving "the lion in his den" we ventured in, only to be ordered out. Ignoring the ungracious reception, I thanked the gentleman for his courtesy and complimented him for being so frank, saying if he had an argument worth considering we would like to hear it, for if we were wrong we wanted to be set right. Seats were offered and we sat down for a whole half hour to listen to the anti-suffrage prejudice. Meantime two other gentlemen had joined us. With all the logic I could master, I began in a kindly way to break down the hardened wall of injustice, and slowly but surely gained some ground, for we shook hands in saying "good night." Passing the house the next evening, our new found friend called out, "Come in I want to sign your voter's slip. You're right, and my neighbors say so too." Thus we gained three more votes in favor of the amendment.

Stumbling into a deaf and dumb boarding

house during a canvass in Brooklyn, I explained in sign language our mission, and secured seven signatures in favor of the Woman's Suffrage Amendment and to "cap the climax" an offer of marriage.

During our auto tour one night, an "anti" male member who had annoyed us in two meetings, attempted to get away with one of the pennants from the machine. A flying leap over the wheel by Mr. Caswell, who was driving our car, and the pennant was recovered.

Appealing for funds in a street meeting one night, a little Italian girl gave me three pennies she had saved, telling me at the same time that mother said "the women will take the stones away." It seems that her baby brother had been injured in a fall by striking his head upon a stone. Knowing that the God given mother heart seeks to protect the children, this Italian mother took it for granted that with the vote the women could take the stones away. One thing I know, the women will try.

CHAPTER XIII.

INSIDE THE MACHINE.

While working for suffrage and temperance in Milwaukee, I thought a little practical propaganda could be put over through a rest tent at the State Fair. The outlook was dubious and entailed a lot of hard work, so only a handful of women responded to my appeal for help. The original idea was to provide comfortable chairs for the tired farm women.

The first day a farmer's wife came to me with five little children; her husband had indulged too freely in drink and she, a timid stranger with her flock about her was almost discouraged. I took care of the woman and helped with the children to her great gratitude, and that incident gave me the idea of a day nursery.

The next day there was a serious accident. Two men engaged in a fight stabbed at one another. One of the men having three arteries cut in the affray. I handled the case. It was over an hour before physicians arrived to give the proper attention, and that accident paved the way for the hospital building.

The second year the work overflowed in two tents; like Topsy "it just grew." Five years later through the aid of printer's ink, the Legislature appropriated five thousand dollars for a permanent building. This I furnished by solicita-

tion among my friends. The Board graciously elected me matron, and I set about to make the department a feature of the Fair. Establishing it upon a paying basis, the Board co-operating heartily, even employing two watchmen, one to guard us by day and the other by night. These men were very fatherly fellows and tried hard to be helpful, one was a member of the Assembly and the other employed in the Capitol in Madison. The next year we were offered two more; not having room or work, I declined the offer. The Board member suggesting his friends, said, "they simply have got to be placed." Now fancy the editor of a paper and a real estate broker having a place in the hospital and day nursery. Wanting to oblige if possible, we condescended by giving the janitor's berth to the broker, but "ye editor" vanished away. The broker not liking his position, in some way or other, was made superintendent (nominally) thereby enabling him to draw pay for the laborious work of holding down one chair for a few hours each day.

Through this episode I first became acquainted with the State Fair as a political machine. Every year we were urged to make room for some one. Refusing the request of one of the Board members to place a friend's wife in our department, because I thought poor women in Milwaukee who were competent and needed work should have the preference (the farmer's wife would attend the Fair anyway), I received from this good Board member a nice letter in which he said,

"I like the way you conduct your department, you are right; the poor women in Milwaukee need the work more than my farmer friends, for they have plenty."

For lawlessness the State Fair grounds could not be equalled. Every department suffered from pilfering. I made it a rule at the close of our department to take inventory, and in checking up have a member of the Board present, then the keys of the building were turned over to the superintendent of the grounds. Much annoyed one year by the loss of chairs, rug, bed linen and a full sized bed spring and mattress, I "kicked up a fuss" and declared some one ought to be responsible. The good members on the Board got busy and while I never knew definitely, I was told by several members, suspicion pointed strongly to one man as thief. He was an employee in one of the departments. The furnishings were never recovered, but the Board voted to replace, and they did, moreover the purloining in our department was not quite so high-handed thereafter.

Minor and major cases were treated in the hospital. State employees became pensioners in this branch, sums ranging anywhere from ten cents to one dollar or more. Insisting upon pay for a surgical dressing which cost the department fifty cents with no profit, and explaining that while we were not there to make money we must make expenses. My patient, a State employee, looked me straight in the eye and said, "The

State is rich, let her pay the expenses." I inquired if he paid taxes? "Not on your life," came the curt reply.

Early one morning a young man dragged himself into our building and asked if doctor was there. Informed in the negative, he inquired for the nurse, saying he was in very great pain. The nurse was not on duty, so I offered to render my services. Getting the symptoms was like pulling teeth, for while he wanted help he did not want to tell anything to injure himself. Somewhat suspicious, I invited him to wait for the doctor. Telephoning a hurry up call, doctor soon arrived, and would you believe it, my suspicions were confirmed when doctor reported to me later. The fellow expected daily treatment in our department in order to "keep on the job," admitting he had nothing to do but draw his salary and of course keep in evidence. Doctor Wright refused to treat the case. How the fellow managed we never knew.

A relative of one of the Board members, employed in the hospital branch, in some way lost the cash receipts for one day together with the change I advanced, amounting to about fifteen dollars. Reporting the matter to the President and two Board members, I was advised to say nothing more about it. Inquiring how I should account for deficit, I was told to "fix it up someway," and I did by reaching down into my own pocket and paying the loss, for while our recording system was crude, it was reliable. Our de-

partment motto "He profits most who serves best," became the slogan. Each branch head vieing with the other in their effort to hold up the standard of efficiency. The regular force numbered fourteen, including doctor and the writer; "Milwaukee" and "Wisconsin" days the staff was increased to eighteen.

The 1911 Fair found the Board with a changed personnel. One of the new members a young man full of fire inspired by the hope that the Governor would make Washington by the Senatorial route, came blustering into our cottage several days before the opening of the Fair, telling me the "glad tidings," that he would land something nice for me, if I would help his friend, the Governor, in piling up some votes when the time came. Excusing the lads lack of wisdom by the exuberance of youth and the possibility of position on the Board, making his head a little top-heavy, I passed the suggestion off as a joke. Soon it became noised around that this member had the "pull" and though much disliked, he was tolerated for the sake of the man "higher up." Flirtatiously inclined, he had struck up an acquaintance with the nurse employed upon recommendation of Board members. (May I explain here, that by common consent the Board had for three years dictated concerning the employ of nurse, largely due to the fact that one of the Board members had a daughter in the profession, and the nurse engaged for 1911 was a friend of her predecessor.) She was not inclined

to accept the attention of the young Board member with the "pull," at first, but flattery and persistency won out. Calling frequently in our department, passing remarks about the nurse's beauty of face and fineness of figure, in the presence of patrons, was not to my liking; consequently I informed this Board member that while it was none of my business how friendly he was with the young lady in question, I could not permit his familiarity in my department as it reflected upon my management. Indignant that I was throwing off too much ballast for his sails, he commanded me to let her go to the races with him that afternoon. I demurred, explaining that all employees in our department were engaged with the understanding that their duty might exact every moment of their time, but if in our best judgment we could see the way clear for a little outside recreation, I allowed two to go together, but never to afternoon races; alternating I allowed the help every other evening off after six o'clock.

Nonplussed by my steadfast refusal, the Board member emphatically declared "I will show you tomorrow." Conferring with the President regarding the matter, he endorsed my attitude and the next day I was prepared to speak with authority. When ordered by the young member to relieve the nurse at four o'clock that he might take her to dine at the Pfister Hotel, I declined. My refusing to obey was too much for this important member. Reminding me of his authority by holding up his official badge he threatened in

strong terms to remove me from my position. "That is your privilege," I replied, "but while I am here, I am mistress of the situation, and since you have no official business in this building, there is the door, go."

He hesitated for a moment, and then inquired, "if I meant what I said."

Assured that I did, he left the building, apparently bent on carrying out his threat.

Following what appeared to be a preconceived plan, at four o'clock the nurse prepared to array herself in street attire. Quietly but firmly I gave her the choice of getting back into her uniform and going to work or being dismissed then and there. She chose the former, meanwhile telling me that next year some one else would fill my place. Having taken a stand there was no more friction. The young Board member gave the building "a wide berth," only calling for nurse when her services were ended.

Discussing the affair with a Milwaukee member of the Board I said, "I anticipated some action at the next meeting, and requested my friend to see that I was given an opportunity to be heard.' But the Milwaukee gentlemen informed me that the young man was in much serious trouble. The auditing committee having refused to O. K. some of his accounts, and numerous other complaints were coming in; under the circumstances there would be no danger of his reporting his version of our controversy. This good man also told me there would be a "small sized riot" on

the Board if any one attempted to criticise my management. In view of this remark I was somewhat surprised to find another named as matron of the Hospital and Nursery Department, after the annual meeting. I thereupon wrote every member the following letter:

Oshkosh, Wis.
Mr. ————. February ——, 1912.
Member, Wisconsin State Board of Agriculture,
Wisconsin.
Dear Sir:—
Will you kindly send me a testimonial concerning my work at the State Fair? I want no undue praise, just simple facts as you know them to be.
Thanking you in advance, I am
Yours very truly,
(signed) NORAH PERKINS-JEANSON.

All but one member responded. The following are their testimonials.

. . . Yes, I am in a position to know what you did at the hospital on the State Fair grounds and I will gladly send you a testimonial. . . . When I think of all the work you did, I think it was a rotten shame, *yes I do.—James A. Nelson.*

. . . I was sorry to see the Board take the action they did regarding your work at the State Fair in Milwaukee, but knowing the facts as I do, I was sure that this would be the course adopted. You ask me to make a statement concerning your work. I believe it was due to your untiring effort and zeal that your department was brought from mere nothing to its present state of efficiency. I do not say that no other matron could have accomplished the same results, but I do say that in addi-

tion to the willingness to expend time and energy, it required your personal influence and business ability to obtain for your department what is now there with practically no initial expense to the Board. During the time that I was in a position to judge, your work proved you to be competent and reliable, perfectly fair and just in your dealing. I found your department always ready to co-operate, appreciative of any suggestions made and in hearty sympathy with the management. I would say that if justice be considered, the Board should feel under obligation to you for your work.—*R. W. Rolands, ex-Secretary.*

. . . It gives me great pleasure indeed to testify not only to the efficiency of your department, but also to your personal efforts in the organization of this department. It has been my pleasure to contribute to it in various ways, knowing full well that under your direction it would produce the best possible results.—*Wm. McLaren.*

. . . This is to certify that I have known Mrs. Norah Perkins-Jeanson for the past five or six years and have had occasion to observe her work at the State Fair each year during the above period; and I wish to testify that she has been very faithful, efficient and courteous in all her duties. In my connection with the fair each year it has been my duty to check her accounts and finances up and I have always found them straight in every respect.—*R. P. Breese.*

. . . This is to certify that in the many years of my work as physician on the grounds at the Wisconsin State Fair, I had the opportunity to observe the work of Mrs. Norah Perkins-Jeanson as very few others had. In my opinion, she made good in every way as matron of the rest room and

hospital. She was always pleasant to every one and yet firm in her decisions, thoroughly competent for her position and ready at all times to sacrifice her comfort or pleasure to her duties as matron. Always on the job, day and night.—*F. M. Wright, M.D.*

. . . My position as marshal for five years naturally has placed me in a position where I could judge the quality of the work of your department and whenever there was an accident or otherwise need of assistance from your department, I found your service prompt and efficient. . . . I can and will endorse and commend the work that you have done in connection with this very important office. If I am correctly informed, the furnishings of the building should be credited to your untiring efforts in soliciting same from the people of Milwaukee. Wisconsin and the State Board of Agriculture should give you credit for the splendid building, furnishings and good management of the same since this office was created.—*Grant U. Fisher.*

. . . Your work has been very satisfactory during the several years that you acted in the capacity of matron. Very little criticism of your work came to my ears. In fact all of it that I remember came from two or three ladies in the city of Milwaukee who evidently had differed with you on other matters previous to your taking charge of this work. Several people who were in the hospital department at different State Fairs have spoken very highly of your management of that department. As a member of the State Board when you first began the work under a tent and later solicited for the new building, I must say it appears to me that you expended a great deal of energy for which you received no adequate compensation.—*George McKerrow.*

. . . For several years I have been acquainted with Mrs. Norah Perkins-Jeanson. I have found her to be a woman of high ideals and very earnest and sincere in trying to bring about better social conditions. . . . From a small beginning her department has grown to be a very large and valuable adjunct of the fair. It has been self-supporting and not a breath of suspicion of graft or mismanagement has ever been made concerning it so far as the writer knows. I have found Mrs. Perkins a very energetic, resourceful woman.—*George F. Comings.*

. . . Your services as matron of the woman's rest room at the Wisconsin State Fair was thoroughly satisfactory. . . . I heard many compliments during our last fair as to the able and efficient manner in which our rest room was being conducted. —*Ira M. J. Chryst.*

. . . Of course I am glad to speak in words of praise of your work as superintendent of the hospital and rest room at the fair. The department has not only been one of the few self-supporting departments, but has come to be looked upon as a very valuable aid to the success of the fair.—*Charles L. Hill.*

. . . You certainly are entitled to credit for having built up a department from nothing and made it a necessary feature of the fair, and all without expense to the Board in the way of furnishings or managing.—*George Wylie.*

. . . I believe your work has always been satisfactory. I personally know nothing to the contrary. —*C. H. Everett, Editor of the Wisconsin Agriculturist and Member of State Board of Agriculture.*

. . . I beg to state that I have never heard any criticism of your work, and as far as my knowledge goes, it was entirely satisfactory.—*F. A. Cannon.*

Meanwhile I had interviewed and corresponded with two members concerning the change. Willing to yield my place to another I was unwilling to be dismissed under a cloud, for I felt my many friends from whom I solicited support for this work should know why I was discontinued as matron. If I was not what I represented myself to be, the public ought to know, and I proposed to let the truth come out.

"What's the use?" argued one member, "you'll be reinstated. It was simply a case of 'swapping horses.' We have a new president, new secretary and other officers, and we had to give and take to break up the ring, for you know the Board has been divided a long time. The officers elected last year were all changed, and we had some fight to do it."

I insisted on the new matron serving, and that I be exposed or vindicated publicly, promising, if advisable, to continue to work for an additional appropriation to enlarge the building. Before I had time for any further action, I was officially notified that I had been chosen matron again at a Board meeting and was expected to answer by return mail. (The woman elected had resigned.) Advised to accept, I did, but not with the same old spirit, for the heart had been wounded too deeply.

Mutual friends thought best that the Governor should hear from me concerning the doings of his young appointee, who evidently had been "picked too soon." So when the opportunity

was presented I broached the subject. His excellency was absorbed in his campaign for reelection but promised to investigate after election. (Few politicians remember a promise when it is cold.) Two senators also reported our complaint to the Governor, both told me other persons were urging removal, but the young man was too strong to be moved unless given a better appointment, which was done as soon as convenient. Though a new building, the Hospital and Day Nursery, was not in a safe and habitable condition, the roof being propped up in several places and leaking badly, consequently I undertook to remedy that condition. The Board was too busy to permit me to come before their august body (perhaps they wanted to avoid embarrassment), so I was compelled to work out this problem by correspondence, and succeeded in so doing.

September 1912 rolled around, and as our custom we opened up the Hospital and Nursery previous to the opening of the Fair. Finding three of our best chairs in the secretary's office, I kindly offered to let him use them in his department until the evening preceding the Fair, when I should want them returned; whereupon Mr. Secretary informed me the desk chair he was using he intended to keep, for his work was too strenuous to sit in a "stiff-back, hard-seated chair," all day. Of course I was sorry, but I needed that particular chair for my own use, and I thought the Board would surely buy him one

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

HOSPITAL AND DAY NURSERY—WISCONSIN STATE FAIR.

even more comfortable than mine. The chairs were not returned until the last minute, and the work in our department was handicapped in every possible way, but I must give credit to the young member for keeping out of our path. Having married, his pace was slackened, though still in charge as superintendent of the Speed Department.

Speaking of the difficulty under which we labored, a Milwaukee Board member said, "You know Mr. —— and I are resigning; no use trying. The old crowd were bad enough but this new gang is awful." Lamenting our failure in helping to make the Fair the success it deserved to be; this good man, like many others, declared we must take the Board out of politics, or the Fair would be abolished. The innovation of the tent colony had made the moral situation even more precarious. The tents were rented promiscuously. Everywhere we could hear patrons finding fault and the public generally; friends connected with the Fair were criticising unmercifully. To some on the "inside" I offered help if they would try for reorganization. Though knocking loudly they all began to make excuse when reconstruction was suggested, for that meant too much hard work and loss of friends; abolishing the "machine" would weaken the party in power; best to weed out the undesirable members.

One broad minded gentleman thought two or three women could work wonders on the Board, if they were of the real progressive type.

Another prophesied the political annihilation of any man who attempted to father the movement by changing the system of management.

At the end of the Fair I had decided to mother such a movement independent of any political or personal influence, and so announced through the daily press. In preparing the report of Hospital and Day Nursery I wrote very frankly, realizing it would be my last effort from inside the "machine."

WOMAN'S REST AND HOSPITAL DEPARTMENT.

To the Wisconsin State Board of Agriculture,
Madison, Wis.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—

It is with mingled feelings of joy and regret that I submit the following report for the year 1912. While the attendance apparently was not as large as in former years, our department was well patronized. One hundred and two cases were treated in the hospital branch. Of these, only three were major ills, and fortunately for all concerned, no serious accidents.

The nursery broke all previous records, checking a total of eighty babies, forty-four "Milwaukee Day," and nine refused admission on account of limited room, three returning for the fourth successive year, thereby proving an oft repeated story—"We mothers have confidence in this management." The youngest, an infant, two weeks old was checked daily with sister, two and one-half years old, while the mother entertained the public by performing on the slack wire rope.

The check room did a splendid business. Men, women, and children, checked wraps and parcels

all day long "Milwaukee Day," and the great majority appeared at just about six o'clock, impatiently demanding to "be waited on right away." The crowd filled the "rest room," confusion reigned for a time, but after one hour of patient working, order was restored without the loss of a single article.

The following are the cash receipts:

Check Room	$37.75
Hospital Service	36.10
Nursery	28.20
Lavatory	104.75
Telephone	.60
Commission on "Scent for cent," vending Machine	.14
Total	$207.54

A remarkable record, so business men say, considering our limited quarters, convenience and help.

The additional room made possible by the Kenyon Take Down House was of invaluable help. But it was exceedingly trying to have this house left in darkness for the sake of economizing. The Marshall's department donated two lanterns, for which we were grateful, and just here I want to express my appreciation of Marshall Fisher and his assistants for their kind co-operation.

In settling Rest Cottage this year, we found many items of furnishings missing, principally bed linen. Declining to solicit more, we made requisition to the purchasing agent and received a limited supply. A new rule having been established that "All orders, no matter how trivial,

must go through the secretary's office," and this office being too busy to attend to everything, handicapped the work of our department and left us without milk or ice for the first three days, and the much promised laundry service utterly failed to materialize. I am mindful of the fact however, that the first Fair is a trying one to the inexperienced and therefore I am inclined to be very charitable, but where personalities and prejudices are so manifestly evident, I deem it simple duty to make known the facts.

The Woman's Rest and Hospital Department was established by the writer for the comfort, convenience and protection of State Fair Patrons and she believes this department of far greater importance than any other, for the reason that here we deal with human lives.

Our department has not reached the standard for which I had hoped, but I can truthfully say we have done our best under the circumstances. "Rest Cottage" fame has traveled so far that other States have come to us to copy our idea, and I am just conceited enough to believe that possibly we know more about this department than persons whose interest has been along other lines and who have not gained wisdom by the best of all teachers, EXPERIENCE. Pardon the suggestion, but might it not be well for the Board to "reason together" with those who know?

In closing I want to acknowledge the helpful services of Mesdames Toohey, Phillips, Myers,

Severance, Mehlman, Sailor, Kinner, and the Misses Blake, Hake, Huburtus and Sperhake. Also to reiterate oft repeated recommendations, namely:

First—Better system for accounting.

Second—That Board defines rules governing this department and fix one prohibiting State employees from being pensioners on "rest room" or medical branch.

The matron has with one exception, that during the recent Fair, made it a rule to give free treatment to any one suffering injury for whom the Board might be legally or morally liable and to all those unable to pay, but we see no reason for making State employees pensioners on this department. As a matter of fact our fees are reasonable. We are not a money making institution, but self sustaining never-the-less.

As the work at Rest Cottage is more distinctly a woman's work, aside from the medical and check room department (which are patronized by men), I would recommend that the title be changed from Matron to Superintendent, and that the department be placed exclusively in charge of a lady superintendent. One year we experienced a man as superintendent of this woman's work, whose only qualification was his ability to manipulate wires in favor of a certain politician who chanced to be a member of the Board.

In compliance with an order of the Board, the Matron managed to make two daily inspections

of the women's toilets located in grove near Rest Cottage. Conditions were kept best possible under the circumstances. To make these inspections, I had to sacrifice important work in our department and could not possibly cover all the women's toilets as per request of Secretary McKenzie and Mrs. Howie. The writer explained situation to President Rewey, Messrs. Commins and Larkin in time for other arrangements to be made. Since there is absolutely no connection between the work of "Rest Cottage" and the inspection of public toilets, I would advise the creation of a sanitary department to be presided over by a superintendent and assistant, representing both sexes, whose duty shall be to inspect all the toilets, improving not only the sanitary condition but the moral as well.

More room is absolutely necessary. We should have locked cupboards for supplies. Ambulance service is very essential. We advise employing two physicians, alternating the hours so as to have one in attendance all the time. Screens for doors and last but not least, more kindly interest and helpful co-operation on the part of the Board.

Respectfully submitted,

(Signed) NORAH PERKINS-JEANSON.

On behalf of the donors I formally presented the Board in writing with all the furnishings, excepting a few personal belongings, including my roll top desk, for which I still have the receipt to prove I bought and paid for it. I also enclosed a signed statement from contributors that

the furnishings were donated to the founder for the sole purpose of the Hospital and Nursery Department.

The *Milwaukee Journal* (a very reliable daily paper) reporting the meeting in which my communication was read, made mention of a member moving a vote of thanks and offering a resolution commending my efforts in building up a very important adjunct to the Fair, but neglected to give the result of vote. I guess it failed to carry for I never received even a formal "thank you." However, the founder is glad to say the work still goes on and I believe memory lives in the heart of my many State Fair friends.

. . . This certifies our appreciation of the skillful treatment rendered one of our men with a badly torn hand by a lion's claws, by Norah Perkins-Jeanson, matron of the hospital. Her noble work justifies every encouragement and assistance. We need more of Norah Perkins-Jeanson's type.—*D. S. Edwards, Superintendent, Reiss Carnival Show Co.*

. . . I shall ever thank you for your kind treatment to my husband during his stay at the hospital.—*Mrs. C. S. Davis.*

. . . While in attendance at the State Fair last fall, Mrs. Cash made a misstep and fell headlong down several steps, dislocating her right shoulder. She is an elderly lady and suffered much pain, was rushed into the local hospital on fair grounds where she received immediate attention of Mrs. Norah Perkins-Jeanson, matron, who summoned at once a skillful physician and rendered such devoted service that not only was the shoulder

promptly replaced and pain alleviated so Mrs. Cash was enabled to take the first train home, but attention received and services rendered by Mrs. Norah Perkins were such that we are under great obligation and owe lasting gratitude to her. She was certainly the right woman in the right place and should have the reward due for patriotic, unselfish, and the most competent service.—*W. H. H. Cash.*

. . . I remember a few years ago, when at the Milwaukee State Fair, seeing the great work you were doing in relieving so much distress and doing a work seemingly no one else could do. Your marked executive ability was a marvel to me. I was in and out of your building, heard the remarks of the people who were helped at a much needed time, also the fine recognition of the press. I write this that you may know that though your work seems not be be appreciated by some, it is recorded by the right thinking.—*Mrs. Charlotte E. Price, Bad Axe, Mich.*

. . . You have done so much for the uplift of conditions that woman-kind are compelled to face at the Wisconsin State Fair, that every commendation that the patrons of the fair can bestow is due you. Your work in connection with the woman's rest building, its organization, its maintenance and its demonstration is worthy of the highest praise, and as one of those who came in contact with your work during the successive State Fairs, I want to add my testimonial. It is my candid opinion if it had not been for your zealous work and energetic effort in behalf of the women attending the fair, that the facilities for comfort and accommodations that now exist would not be at the high standard to which you brought them. I assure you it is a pleasure for me to say a word in behalf of your efforts at the woman's rest building on the Wisconsin State Fair Grounds.—*Bart J. Ruddle.*

. . . As a superintendent of a department at the Wisconsin State Fair for the last four years, I have had some opportunity of knowing something of the hospital work conducted by Mrs. Norah Perkins-Jeanson; so far as I have known, her services have been satisfactory, and this feature has been highly commended.—*J. S. Donald, ex-Sup't.*

. . . I always understood from the popular expression that your work was effective and well done. —*John M. True, ex-Sec'y.*

. . . The State Fair Board was so well pleased with your work that as long as I was a member, you were each year re-elected without question. This would not have been done if you had not given good satisfaction.—*E. Nordman, ex-member.*

. . . You have built up a work second to none. —*C. W. Harvey, ex-member.*

. . . I consider your services worthy of commendation. You were always at your post, everything was clean and service was prompt.—*L. E. Scott, ex-member.*

. . . Very few who are not familiar with State Fair work realize the amount of energy it required to bring your department up to the high standard you have succeeded in doing. Your work has certainly been very meritorious and a credit to the fair.—*C. T. Fisher, Superintendent.*

. . . One of the most interesting places on the fair grounds is the emergency hospital which is located on the administration plaza.—*Evening Wisconsin.*

. . . Norah Perkins-Jeanson of Oshkosh and Milwaukee, has for years been in charge of the

hospital and nursery at the State Fair. She started the department and maintained it at her own expense until it was taken over by the Fair Board. Since then she has continued to be in charge and has placed it upon a self-supporting basis.—*Milwaukee Journal.*

. . . Norah Perkins-Jeanson was the founder of the hospital and woman's rest room at the Wisconsin State Fair, and it was the result of her initiative that the Legislature made the appropriation providing for the building.—*Madison State Journal.*

. . . Quarters comfortable and cozy are provided for by Norah Perkins-Jeanson of Milwaukee and Oshkosh in the woman's rest room on the fair grounds. Mothers readily leave their little ones in the care of Mrs. Perkins and her able corps of assistants where they know from past association that they will be safe.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

. . . In placing Norah Perkins as matron of rest cottage, the Board has done a gracious act. It was she who first broached the plans of having a place on the grounds where tired and fatigued women could find rest and comfort.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

. . . The woman's rest room, hospital and nursery, under the supervision of Norah Perkins of Milwaukee, is to the women visitors of the fair a most important and necessary factor. Let no mother stay away from the fair on account of her babies. Safe and most trustworthy help is the only kind employed and just a word from Mrs. Perkins kind self is full assurance. This building is now supported by the State, but in its youth was merely a free will offering of Mrs. Perkins and a few of her friends who saw the possibility of enlarging the field of assistance to humanity, spiritually as well as physically, and with the aid of the Legislature

appropriating $5,000 for their cause, they have accomplished their aim.—*Wisconsin Agriculturist.*

. . . The hospital building is a result of ten years work on the part of Norah Perkins, matron in charge. This feature of the fair has received the commendation of visitors from every section. It is regarded as by far the most complete emergency hospital and nursery in any State Fair.—*Milwaukee Free Press.*

. . . W. P. Bold, Auxvasse, Mo., a member of the Missouri State Board visited the Wisconsin State Fair to get pointers on what a woman's rest room should be. He was shown all over the building. At the end of his visit he said he was astonished at the conveniences which have made it the center of interest and comfort for all visiting women. "Although the present building, I understand, has only been in use for two seasons, its fame has already traveled. Our women, for many years, have listened with admiration to accounts of the work done for the tired and ill of their sex at the Wisconsin State Fair—so I was sent up here to see what we might copy, and I think I will take the idea entire."—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

. . . Mrs. Perkins, matron of the woman's rest building, had an opportunity to get a breathing spell today, and the full force of a compliment paid to her department by former Governor Colman and his associates of the Missouri State Board of Agriculture came upon her with full force and effect. Governor Colman declared and was endorsed in his declaration by the members in his party, that the woman's rest building, of the Wisconsin State Fair is the best he had seen in any fair grounds. He was especially complimentary in his statement regarding the management.—*Milwaukee Journal.*

. . . For the last nine years, as you know, we have been neighbors so to speak, during the State Fair week, and I have been watching your work with no small degree of interest.

One reason why I am writing this letter is that I have sometimes wondered if what you are doing is really appreciated as it should be by the State Fair Board and others who ought to be interested.

I feel that we who were fortunate enough not to need your assistance while attending the fair, should bear in mind that there are others who do and as I am in a position to know that your work is conducted in a clean, business-like manner, I want to tell you that I believe yours is one of the most needed and the best managed department on the fair grounds.

Your many years with the W.C.T.U. together with the rescue work which you have done, has so admirably fitted you for the position that it would be difficult to find any one who could fill your place and do the work you are doing.

As I know of no reason why you should not be in charge of the women's building next year, and for years to come for that matter, I will be looking forward with pleasure to our meeting again in September, 1913; until then I remain as ever, as friend and well wisher.—*A. J. Wires, Circulation Manager, Wisconsin Agriculturist.*

. . . Mrs. Wooster and several of our employees have had occasion to visit the woman's rest room and hospital and I wish to state that they have met with every attention and courtesy desired and I wish to recommend Norah Perkins as matron in the highest manner.—*Allie T. Wooster.*

. . . Your christian courtesy and skillful treatment at the hospital at the State Fair, saved my life.—*Frank L. Stuart.*

CHAPTER XIV.

PAVING THE WAY.

Having agitated the question of women on the Board for some time, and believing the time ripe for an appointment, I took the matter up with a number of business men friends. All were unanimous in the belief that women were needed and some were kind enough to think I ought to be appointed. The Hon. Wm. George Bruce, Secy. of the Merchants and Manufacturers Association of Milwaukee, urged me to become a candidate. (Volunteering to support me again after my defeat.) Having a keen desire to help clean up the Fair, I could see possibilities in the appointment.

Arranging for an interview with the Governor, and paving the way for conviction with publicity on the desirability of women on the Board, I met his honor at the appointed time. In presenting the matter I explained: "Because of the many activities connected with the Fair where woman's aid is needed in the exhibits of fine arts, cooking, fancy work, schools and playgrounds, women could render valuable service, also in the rest room, infirmary and nursery, supervising comfort stations, and in countless other ways, last, but not least, because the women and children are counted upon to swell the attendance of the Fair."

The Governor received me kindly, listened attentively, and when I explained that *friends* had suggested I become a candidate and the daily papers having so announced, I wanted his excellency to know that I should not feel badly if he saw fit to appoint some other woman, the one thing I wanted was a woman on the Board, and when more vacancies occurred, I should undoubtedly try for another woman member. Complimenting me for my generosity of spirit, and thanking me for calling his attention to the matter, the Governor promised to consider carefully.

Now I know there is power in the Press, for a reporter, by accident, once sat on my hat, so I called on the newspapers for help in keeping the "pot a boiling." Scores of friends all over the State began writing the Governor in my behalf, many more men than women, for without the vote women do not amount to much in politics. The following are a few of the well known men of Milwaukee and other cities who endorsed my candidacy.

Hon. John C. Karel, Judge Probate Court.

Hon. Wm. George Bruce, Secretary Merchants and Manufacturers Association.

Hon. Frank J. Webber, Secretary Wisconsin State Federation Labor (better known as the wage-workers' friend).

Hon. Jeremiah Quinn (too well known to need introduction).

Hon. Robt. C. Spencer, late President Spencerian Business College.

Hon. W. H. Momsen, Inspector, House of Correction.
Hon. Erick C. Stearn, Lawyer.
Hon. F. N. Fitzpatrick, Alderman.
Hon. Emil Seidel, Ex Mayor.
Mr. Frank Klody, President, Fisher Furniure.
Mr. George P. Mayer, Mayer Boot and Shoe Co.
Mr. R. N. Pitcher, Mfg. Wholesale Boots and Shoes.
Mr. Frank Roemer, Secretary and Treasurer, Roemer Drug Co.
Mr. George H. Kesten, Mfg. Pharmacist.
Mr. W. D. Halstead, Mfg. Oils and Greases.
Mr. Herman Kroeger, Kroeger Bros.
Mr. H. D. Morton, Broker.
Mr. George P. Noble, Wholesale Lumber.
Mr. J. N. Lynch, Prop., Central Warehouse.
Mr. S. A. Grobbin, Pederson and Grobbin Co.
Holtz & Mahaupt, Furniture Co.
Mr. George I. Prasser, Furniture Co.
Mr. Arthur S. Kahn, Dry Goods Co.
Mr. A. B. Loofbouror, Florist.
Mr. Fred Bogwert, Funeral Director.
Mr. H. M. Battin, Standard Oil Co.
Mr. D. Reik, Grocer.
Dr. W. E. Durr.
Dr. J. P. Taugher.
Dr. A. J. Taugher.
Dr. J. W. Cutler.
Dr. P. Langlaid.
Dr. J. Prendergast.
Mr. George J. Weigle, Mfg. Druggist.

739769

Hon. Sebastian Walters.
Hon. John Banderob, Mayor of Oshkosh.
Hon. D. E. McDonald, District Attorney.
Mr. L. K. Bronson, Secretary, Chamber of Commerce.
Mr. H. B. Patch, Superintendent of Schools.
Mr. D. M. Shea, Tax Assessor.
Vader Printing Company.
Mr. J. H. Bauland, Mgr., Newman's Style Shop.
Mr. Frank E. VanKeuren, Real Estate Broker.
H. Meyer & Son, Grocer.
Mr. Will Steude.
Dr. A. J. Provost.
Dr. Frank Brockway.
Dr. M. A. Hogan.
Dr. M. E. Corbett.
Hon. S. A. Cook, Ex-Congressman, Neenah.
Hon. John M. Strange, Ex-Lieutenant Governor.
Hon. Joseph Hill, Ex-Mayor.
Hon. Newton Spoor, Member Legislature of Berlin.
Hon. Merritt F. White, Ex-State Senator, Winnecoune.
Mr. W. H. Cash, General Agent, Hills Borough, North Eastern Railroad, New Lisbon.
Hon. Burr Sprague, Attorney and Counsellor, Brodhead.
Hon. John Lamont, Ex-Mayor, Wausau.
Mr. G. W. Wilson, Real Estate Broker, Wausau.
Mr. J. H. Gevaart, Grocer, West Allis.
Mr. Arthur Gevaart, Grocer, West Allis.

Also a number of women's organizations, in-

cluding the Wisconsin Woman Suffrage Association.

My enemies were busy, but I have no record of their doings.

When the time came, to my great joy, I learned a woman had been appointed member-at-large. I immediately wrote the Governor thanking him for meeting the State's needs and exercising good judgment in the appointment, for I thought the candidate well qualified to serve. Writing the appointee a note of congratulation I called her attention to the fact, "That Honor is a hill that few may hope to climb, Duty the path that all may tread."

Just a day or two prior to the opening of the very next Fair, the lady member assigned to the Hospital and Nursery Matron, in addition to her many arduous duties, the supervision of a number of Public Comfort Stations. Declining the honor previously when informed by the secretary that same would be a part of my duty, and having the O. K. on my attitude by several Board members, I politely informed my superior officer, that caring for human life was more important, and since my first obligation was to the women and children in the hospital and day nursery, I would not promise to do more, but if time permitted I would try to supervise the two nearest to "Rest Cottage." From that day on trouble began.

At the annual meeting I was not surprised to

find the Lady Member voicing her disapproval of my work, and recorded in the minutes her motion to place the department I had founded in charge of another. I tell this incident merely to show that ofttimes woman's worst enemies are those of her own sex. The department was thoroughly established, consequently any sensible woman could run it. Glory had blossomed forth in the idea. All the hard work was over which consisted of soliciting funds to maintain the work in the tents, being handicapped because of so few conveniences, sleeping in the tent to keep the few things we had from walking away, waking up (when we were lucky enough to sleep) to find our clothing so wet from the dampness of dew and rain that we could scarcely get them on, missing meals, for we had no way of cooking and no time to go to a restaurant; so when the department passed on to other hands, I had the satisfaction of knowing my work as founder, was done, for the woman's hospital and day nursery was furnished complete and equipped for every emergency. Certainly I loved the work after eleven years of service. The department might have been called, "The Child of my first love." Hence when visiting the Fair some time after, I wanted to visit the building, so in company with friends we called on the new superintendent. Greeting her cordially and introducing her to my friends, I asked if I might see the babies in the nursery, but was told I could not for I might "scare them." Struck by the ridiculousness of the

remark and the ingratitude of some people, I smilingly thanked the lady and we bade her "good afternoon."

Desiring to circumvent the action of the Board in voting suffrage booths off the grounds, it occurred to me that we might display some propaganda by wearing badges and carrying "Votes for Women" pennants, the opportunity was too good to lose, and my suffragist friends O. K.'d the suggestion. The first day we rode around in a gaily decorated automobile, waving "Votes for Women" banners. Near the close of the second day we visited the poultry department presided over by the lady member. Going up to her I very pleasantly said "Mrs. ——, I should like to have you meet some of my suffrage friends." Looking at me for a moment in the most disdainful manner, and then surveying my friends, the lady member turned on her heel and hurried away, saying, "I don't want anything to do with you or your votes for women friends."

Courtesy is a most necessary qualification for any one serving the public, hence the snub made a handle for a good newspaper story. Editorials followed criticising the official for her unjust and unkind treatment. A few days later I received in addition to papers with marked editorials, a letter from an ex-State Senator, which contained this query:

* * * "How do barnyard courtesy and hen-coop perfumery suit your taste?" * * *

In politics it is a common occurrence for men to turn down the ones who have made them and we must expect women to do the same. Then let us have charity dear reader, for by and by we shall all learn better.

CHAPTER XV.

STIRRING UP STRIFE.

The State Fair had been a "bone of contention" during many sessions of the State Legislature. Some said it was a "total failure"; others said, "no, only partially so." From the patrons' viewpoint the latter was more truly correct, but on the inside we knew it was fast becoming a gigantic failure.

According to the law (Wisconsin Statutes), the Department of Agriculture was established "for the promotion of the interests of agriculture, dairying, horticulture, manufactures and domestic arts."

"Said department shall be managed by a board to consist of one member from each congressional district, and two from the state at large, to be appointed by the Governor for terms of three years. * * * Not more than two-thirds of the members of said board shall be at the time of making any appointment thereto members of the same political party."

Who ever knew of a Governor with patronage power without friends or one who would not try to please his friends? Politicians of all kinds appreciate the value of a well oiled political "machine." So in making appointments the only qualification necessary in complying with the law was, that the appointees' political party affiliations

were all right. This condition was easy to overcome, for every Democrat has some good loyal Republican friend and vice-versa. The friends must not only support the "powers that be," but must line up votes for the "boss" when the time comes. If the friends perchance should be doctors, lawyers, merchants or promoters, it made no difference so long as they were "friends." Practical experience and fitness for service were not the most important, and the law declared, "The members of said board shall serve without compensation, but shall out of any funds set apart for their use by the State or otherwise received by them, while in attendance upon meetings, be allowed only their actual expenses. But in case that members are chosen superintendents in State Fair work, every such superintendent shall be allowed not to exceed five dollars per day and reasonable expenses while engaged in such work."

For obvious reasons every patriotic member "serving without pay as Board members" were made superintendents, and managed to keep their department going for an amazingly long time. Some departments were rankly extravagant, while others suffered for lack of funds.

Now I would not have you think dear reader, that we never had any good or deserving men on the Board. The minority as a rule were not only good, but deserving, but they were helplessly tied hand and foot by the majority, who nearly always had their way. Believing our (for

I was a minor part) inability to attain success due to the weakness in organization, I began advocating a change among my friends "outside" and "inside" the Fair. Again the daily press came to our rescue and soon people were talking everywhere about changing the Fair management. Politicians said the site was at fault. Milwaukeeans said, "not so," regardless of geographical location. "No stream can rise higher than its source," the Board was honeycombed with politics.

Drafting a bill for reorganization eliminating politics and making the Board elective, with fitness for service and efficiency a requisite, I sent dozens of copies of my idea, rather crudely formulated, to men who were interested, inviting criticisms and suggestions. Many persons replied, all with best wishes. Taking the letters to a lawyer friend we set about redrafting the bill. This done I arranged to go to Madison at the opening of the Legislature. Registering in the office of the Secretary of State we found difficulty in classifying, for this lobbyist represented only herself. Then I cast about to find an honest Progressive who belonged to the party in power. The one selected was the Honorable Newton Spoor, of Berlin, who, after carefully considering our proposition, consented to champion the measure. This he did in a most able manner, also proving his worth as a real man when he denounced an anti-assemblyman who became flippant in his remarks on the floor of the house, about a "charming widow's influence."

While admitting our scheme was not ideal, it made a nucleus from which to work. Many agreed it was a step in the right direction, and we anticipated little trouble before reaching the Senate. The bill was referred by the Speaker to the Committee on Agriculture. I had canvassed the committee and found the members friendly. One member was also a member of the State Board of Agriculture, of course he would oppose reorganization, but what of it? We could at least get a minority report in favor (I take the worst view first, then in the event of failing I never feel very badly hurt).

The hearing went off nicely and the friends withdrew to await the vote. In a short while the Member of the Committee who was a Member of the Board, whom I shall designate as the gentleman from Racine, very graciously informed me that the bill had been killed. Maybe he though I would die too. I confess I was a trifle disappointed, but never a peep to the "gentleman from Racine." The papers in glaring headlines read—"Reorganization Plan Falls Flat."

When the committee reported to the house next day, champion Spoor saved the bill by a substitute amendment. Some of the members and their friends were so surprised they could scarcely believe it, and some members were frightfully angry. Then the fight began in dead earnest.

Mr. Spoor worked awfully hard. We got in touch with our editor friends, landed some good

editorials and kept busy with the canvass of members, sending out S. O. S. calls to friends in the State. Gradually letters began to come in favoring our measure. In discussing the bill with friends or foe we asked merely for an unbiased consideration of the question. Seeing the merit in our plan, as we believed they would, we had faith that they would (if honest) vote in favor of the amendment.

Day in and week out we labored unceasingly, going home only for the week end. Several Fair bills had been introduced. One, to remove the site from Milwaukee, attracted quite a bit of attention. Since our bill would save the State money, it became necessary to talk very plainly concerning my knowledge of the waste of State funds, and Oh! what a wail went up from the other side. All sorts of rumors began floating around. One day a Social Democratic member informed me, "the enemies were assailing my character." But I paid no attention. Then the Floor Leader of the Democrats an ex-member of the Fair Board, who favored our bill, announced his intention of fighting if he heard any more such stories. Nearly all the Board members began to lobby. The secretary, a salaried employee, spent most of his time in the Assembly parlor interviewing members. To all we smiled and said, "Howdy" when we met. One day I suddenly came upon three of the most active antis, they were talking over the situation and trying to devise some way of keeping me at home.

Shocked at my appearance they disappeared as if by magic. One little Irish member from Milwaukee, with a strong brogue hollered out, "Look at them go, they run like rats when they see you coming." The bill finally came before the Assembly and after a bitter fight in which the gentleman from Racine" was scored roundly, and the Hon. Mr. Spoor applauded loudly, the Assembly, by a huge vote, ordered the bill to engrossment. "The gentleman from Racine" the next day moved to reconsider, but the ruse failed.

While interviewing the Hon. Don C. Hall in the Assembly parlor one day the Governor passed through with friends. Exchanging greetings I made an appointment to talk over the merit of our bill, for while conscious of his opposition, we really wished for his approval, besides courtesy demanded that we present our measure to the Governor.

Escorted by the Hon. Cassius D. Hawn, a man who worthily wears the title, we called upon the Governor. Hoping to avoid unpleasantness, I tried to show the merit of our bill without laying much stress on the weakness of the old plan. The Governor surprised us by declaring there would be no head to our system, and no one responsible. The Board must be appointed to produce results. Fortunately this gave me an opportunity to remind "his excellency" of his forgotten promise. I also cited a number of instances disproving his contention that our plan would leave the Board headless and irresponsible. The Gov-

ernor said that the bill would never pass, but I was very sanguine.

Aroused by my optimism, he reminded me of his "veto" power (the weapon feared by all lobbyists), and then went on to tell us how he had investigated the complaint of two senators and myself against the Member of State Fair Board, finding no ground for our charge. Singular, no one connected with our department ever knew of the investigation, hence it was not thorough and very much one sided, and so I very frankly expressed myself.

Having helped the Governor a few years before when he bolted his ticket and ran independently for district attorney in Milwaukee, I felt perfectly free to voice my disappointment in his failing to keep faith with his friends, for I could not forget his treatment of the Hon. Robert M. LaFollett, the one man above all others who had helped to make him politically. "To err is human, to forgive is divine,' and I believe every one should try to rectify mistakes when possible. During the discussion, the Governor lost his temper, a most unfortunate thing for any public servant to do. Fearful that I might have unconsciously spoken sharply, I asked Mr. Hawn to tell me truly. He said, I talked plainly and firmly, but in no way insulting, and my manner was perfectly ladylike. Relieved, so far as my attitude was concerned, I could not help pitying the littleness of big men in office.

Lobbying in the Senate had been restricted

and I experienced great difficulty in reaching the senators. Some I failed to see, very largely because they did not want to see me. The father of the old bill under which the Board operated was a very influential member of the Senate, a nice man by-the-way, and I really hated to oppose his pet plan, for I had been associated with him in Fair work, he having served as secretary for a long time. The Governor's pledge to veto, if the Senate concurred was not enough. All the administration aids somehow became very active, and one man, a member of the Senate, who was a very warm friend of a friend of mine, from whom we expected fair play, since he had promised to meet us on the "level and part upon the square," swung around on the other side and worked like a trojan to keep the bill from passing, kindly warning me one day, that if I ever wanted any office, every progressive in the State would chop my head off if I didn't quit talking about the Fair. In addition I received several letters which had I followed would have trapped me in the enemies' camp, others threatening criminal and civil action unless I changed my course, and some apparently friendly people, wanted me to give up the fight for the sake of friends. Seeking no office, having no party affiliations and caring little for friends who would stand in the way of duty, I simply ignored all and continued the struggle against odds.

Appearing before the Joint Committee on Finance, where one of our enemies very gal-

lantly remarked, that I made an "able and convincing speech," we exhibited countless numbers of letters from leading farmers all over the State, endorsing our measure. After this we made friends in the Senate and seemed to be gaining.

During a brief stay home on business, I received a wire that our bill had been "changed on the calendar" in the Senate and "in the absence of friends" we had been "defeated." Going over to Madison on the first train, in company with my husband, we hurried up to the Capitol building. Meeting my friend the Hon. Newton Spoor, he shook his head saying, "Its no use now, we can't do anything more, the bill is dead."

But I cheerfully answered, "We can at least attend the funeral and it is our duty to do so."

Many times we were surprised to find persons helping that we thought were against. Others we thought favorable were opposed, some through fear of losing positions, others fearing the loss of votes. One Assemblyman told me he had been threatened with death for every one of his bills if he voted on our side, and since his bills were more important, he had to vote "no."

In visiting Illinois and Minnesota to learn of their Fair methods (for they have big Fairs) and with all my expenses during the six months the Legislature was in session, including transportation, I spent a little less than two hundred and fifty dollars and lived comfortably.

One more scene and our stirring up strife is ended.

A few days after the funeral of our Agricultural measure I petitioned the Assembly through the courtesy of the Hon. C. D. Hawn, to investigate my accounts as Matron of Hospital and Nursery at the Fair. Charging in my complaint, misapplication of funds, over payments, extravagant waste of State appropriation, negligence in the loss of valuable goods from various departments, and that a burglar lived in the General Superintendent's office on the Fair grounds, during 1911-1912 despite the fact that the Board employed a custodian who lived in a cottage upon the grounds. Mismanagement in other directions including accusations against the one member of the Board. My complaint covered five typewritten pages. There was much objection to the reading when it took a serious turn, but our friends were many and we succeeded in making the matter a public record. I had carefully investigated complaints of patrons and persons connected with the Fair, also the auditor's reports and in this way knew definitely what I was talking about. Some things I could not tell, for they would not look well in print, but I said enough to make someone want me to prove my statements. Surely the committee on Agriculture to whom the petition was referred, but without any investigation this committee brought in an adverse report next morning, however, that did not prove the charges untrue. One sows and another reaps, two years later under a new administration headed by Governor Emanuel L. Phillips (the

man who in private life had said when I asked him prior to my legislative activities, if he thought it unwomanly for me to lead in the fight for reorganization of the State Fair Board, "If it would be manly for a man, it ought to be womanly for a woman"), the Legislature abolished the State Board of Agriculture and gave Wisconsin a Commissioner to manage the State Fair.

. . . Mrs. Norah Perkins-Jeanson made the entire State look up and take notice at Madison, when her bill providing for a new method of selecting State Fair Directors was sent to engrossment by the Assembly after it had been taken up under an adverse report from the committee on agriculture. —*Oshkosh Daily Northwestern.*

. . . Norah Perkins-Jeanson of Oshkosh won a great victory this morning when the Assembly, over an adverse report of the committee on agriculture, ordered engrossed the bill changing the method for the selection of the members of the State Board of Agriculture.—*Milwaukee Daily News.*

. . . You certainly were a good lobbyist. Even your enemies admitted you were a conscientious and able worker.—*Newton Spoor.*

. . . I gladly give testimonial as requested. All the time I have known you at Madison during the session of the 1913 Legislature, I have always found you to be lady-like and consistently observe every propriety, and so far as I know, have never enfringed upon lobby laws in any way but have always complied with the rules in relation to soliciting members. I know of none during the session who preserved a better decorum in relation to any matter of

your interest that was brought to my attention. I felt that you were courageous to make an effort to defend your honor and integrity and make the honest exposition of your view of the State Fair situation.—*Dr. S. C. Goff, member of Assembly.*

. . . During the past session of the Wisconsin Legislature, I became acquainted with Mrs. Norah Perkins-Jeanson, who was in Madison, interested in one or more bills then before the Legislature. In my brief acquaintance with her, I found her dignified, lady-like and unobstrusive in her conduct and able to present her views in a clear, convincing way. —*Chas. D. Rosa, member of Assembly.*

. . . Regarding your work as a lobbyist, I should say it was above reproach.—*James H. Vint, Member of Assembly.*

. . . You ask me for a testimonial as to your work as a lobbyist at the last session of the Legislature, and in reply thereto, I beg to say that so far as my knowledge goes you were always conscientious, energetic and proper in your demeanor, and your work was properly and well done.—*Wilbur E. Hurlbut, member of Assembly.*

CHAPTER XVI.

PROVING THE LIE.

While home in Oshkosh for a week end during the winter that I lobbyed for the State Fair bill, I was shocked and surprised to learn from a friendly reporter who was seeking news from me for his paper, that a man I had counted a friend, one of the good men on the State Board of Agriculture had maligned my character. We had been discussing the meanness of the men in the Legislature who opposed our bill. My reporter friend said he thought I ought to know what this man was saying and volunteered to give me his affidavit.

Turning to my lawyer, the Hon. B. E. VanKeuren, in whose office I had desk room, I repeated the statement. Mr. VanKeuren said little, but I could see he was much disturbed (later I learned he had been told a similar story). Somehow I could not believe the Board member intended to injure my reputation (perhaps I had too much faith in the man). Writing him of what I had heard, I wanted to know upon what authority he made his statement, for I thought here was my chance to run down the story I had heard from legislators. A reply was received, but too evasive. I wrote again, receiving no satisfactory answer, I then called upon my reporter friend for his affidavit. Having volunteered, he refused, but I understood the motive in changing his attitude and have never held it against him.

Mr. VanKeuren and the Board member were old friends of years standing, and I thought Mr. VanKeuren might not want to take the case, even though he advised action, but friendship pales into insignificance with Mr. VanKeuren when principle and honor are involved. Suit began and we had a preliminary examination, during which my reporter friend testified that in a campaign meeting of the Prohibition Party in the City Hall in Oshkosh, the defendant in discussing my bill had approved of a change in management for the betterment of the Fair, and though heartily endorsing my work as Founder and Matron of Hospital and Day Nursery, he had said, I was a "trouble maker" and had "compromised two members of the Board." In what way the members were compromised the reporter could not say. Defendant's testimony was all in my favor. The case was scheduled for the Spring Term of Court.

Leaving Oshkosh for the East soon after, I returned early in April to be in readiness for the trial. Defense asked for postponement until Fall (Granted). The attorney for defendant having accused me of blackmail through interviews in two daily papers, and said papers having published the story, I requested my lawyer to start three more suits for slander and libel. Meanwhile we had employed the Hon. Roy L. Morse of Fon Du Lac, (a lawyer) to assist Mr. VanKeuren. The paper companies began at once to negotiate through their legal representatives for settlement. Before and during the Fall Term

of Court I was very sick in New York, and therefore all four cases went over till spring. Counsel for defense, keen on the situation, asked to have cases dismissed unless I filed a bond for costs, claiming I was not a resident of the State. Although I was unable to read or write a letter for weeks, Mr. VanKeuren surmounted this obstacle through the kindness of his friend Mr. Kimball. Wisconsin friends wrote me they would stand by me with funds if need be. Mr. VanKeuren wanted to "fight it out" as badly as did the plaintiff (for the author is a fighter for principle and truth). Relatives realizing my physical condition advised my accepting the proferred settlement, for that meant vindication. My health grew worse instead of better, therefore, I reluctantly accepted, under protest, the terms offered by defendants, Charles L. Hill, The Sentinel Company, P. B. Haber Printing Company, and W. W. Hughes. Record of Circuit Court, Fon Du Lac Co., Wisconsin, November, 1914.

We have proven the lie by going to court. Referring to the compromise of two Board members I will say; the one was ordered out of the hospital building for conduct unbecoming a gentleman; the other I saved much trouble, by daring to tell him some things he did not like to hear, but by so doing I helped to save a young woman from the grave dug by the venomous tongue of the slander vendor. To the charge of "trouble maker," I plead guilty. If making trouble will help to right wrong, I shall probably continue in the same old way.

CHAPTER XVII.

HOPE AND REGRET.

Before the Legislature adjourned in July, I had made up my mind to go upon the stump. Talking the matter over with friends, whom I chose to call "my political advisers," and being assured of funds for the enterprise, I announced my plan and drew up the following platform which I addressed to my friends:

ANNOUNCEMENT

Dear Friends:

I write to inform you that I have decided to enter actively into the political house-cleaning of our State. During the past ten years I have had some little opportunity for studying conditions in one of our State institutions, and I have learned by observation and experience, that the best interests of our State are often sacrificed for party politics and personal interests.

That men are appointed and elected to office because of their influence in controlling votes, regardless of fitness for service, and that there is an appalling waste of State funds.

It is high time the better citizenship was aroused to action. Bosses and RING RULE have disgusted many voters, and in consequence hundreds of men remain away from the polls on election day, and others have become utterly disgusted, arguing "What's the use?"

I believe in the responsibility of citizenship, the patriotic duty of every man to vote, and in the home as the foundation of good government;

In constructive legislation, and in the right of the people to rule;

In laws that make it easier to do right and harder to do wrong;

In the election to office of the best men; men who stand for good government and who publicly advocate the adoption of these principles, regardless of party affiliation;

In progression—the kind that gives the other fellow an equal chance;

That women owe a larger duty to the State than has heretofore been supposed; that woman's viewpoint is as essential in politics as man's;

That women with direct influence in politics can better protect the home and the children. Since women are amendable to the laws of our State, I believe they should have a part in the making.

I believe that women should vote on equal terms with men; that taxation without representation is as truly tyranny today as it was in 1776.

Women owe it as citizens to study their city charter and State statutes, especially those concerning women and children, and to use their influence while waiting for the ballot against candidates whose ideas are lax along moral lines. In other words, I believe women should study the doings of the men in public office, and if

their conduct will not bear the light of day, that it is our duty to rally to the help of good men and together strive to defeat the bad.

To this end I shall endeavor to work in a dignified, womanly way, remembering always "Womanliness first, after that what you will."

Hoping to visit every county in the State, talking from a woman's viewpoint, I am

Yours to help to victory in 1914,

NORAH PERKINS-JEANSON.

Releasing the copy early in September, the newspapers gave me some real good stories and all wanted to know my proposed line of talk, but I could not tell them, it was too early in the game.

Quoting from the Oshkosh Northwestern:

> "Mrs. Jeanson declined to make any definite statement regarding the lines or character of her campaign. It is a well known fact that she is a fearless, outspoken woman. That she has displayed energy and courage under crushing defeats after strenuous struggles. It is probably safe to assume, those who know her say, that she will not know just what to do until she starts, and that she will not stop until she has attempted to do what she thinks she should try for."

The *Milwaukee News* prophesied I might talk on things I learned while working with the Legislature. This I had hoped to do.

The following letter from the Hon. Herman L. Elkern, ex-State Commissioner of Insurance, encouraged my heart and inspired my best efforts.

Dear Madam:—

"I am in receipt of your note with the circular

enclosed, and have read same with much interest, and I am sure the kind of work you propose to do cannot fail to be helpful to the cause of good government."

H. J. Flint, the Author and Reformer of Harvey, Illinois, wrote:

. . . "The announcement received, I know you will do good and I believe you are fitted for this particular kind of work."

At the National Woman Suffrage Convention in Washington in November, Senator Helen Ring Robinson, bid me "God speed." And the Hon. Belva Lockwood, America's best known woman lawyer said, "Go, my child, and God go with you." Some of the Washington papers quoted me as saying, I would take five hundred women with me on the stump. When in reality I never even dreamed of fifty. For the millennium has not yet come. Hope ran high, but I was doomed to disappoint, not alone my friends, but myself. Ill-health and unsettled conditions in the home made it utterly impossible, and now after twenty months have passed and gone and a new campaign is staring us in the face, I find words fail to express the deep regret I feel in having had my purpose dissipated, for believe me, kind reader, when I say aside from my obligation to my home and family, nothing but physical weakness or mental imbecility could have released me from my promise to go upon the stump.

CHAPTER XVIII

WHAT I HAVE LEARNED

A man's foes are often those of his own household. A woman is woman's worst enemy. Some men (?) will try to tear down a woman's character as quickly as they will one of their own sex, and then they talk of chivalry.

Whatever happens to me, may happen to my sister.

Membership in the church does not make any one a Christian.

Some people live on the record of their ancestors, rather than make a name for themselves.

Life is a school and we are the pupils.

True friends are scarce in all kinds of weather, and for this reason the real ones should stick close together.

Most people talk much and say little.

Human veneer wears off in a short time.

Many organizations are nothing more than a source of revenue to lazy leaders.

Some so-called reformers join a big movement in order to get free advertising.

Artificial workers are no good, they can't stand fire.

Often rescue homes are merely lying-in-hospitals.

Men are very much out of place managing rescue homes for girls.

Women ought to be more cautious while working with men in jails and missions.

A sanitary mind and heart are essential to health and right living.

Prayer offered in behalf of our enemies will help nurture peace in the mind and prevent hate from growing in the heart.

Heaven will be full of surprises and disappointments.

Unfortunate conditions in law impose much hardship on the innocent.

A life without regret is a life without gain.

Life is too short to waste in frivolity.

Acknowledge mistakes and ask pardon for all wrongs.

If we humble ourselves in the right spirit, we are enabled to climb higher.

No one can think for us, we must think for ourselves.

God's grace is the only difference between the saint and the sinner.

There is no one without faults, perfect people have not been found, except in their own estimation.

Harder battles are fought in the heart than on the battlefield.

The Bible contains the best of all tonics and should be taken every day in the year.

Christian courtesy, the need of the hour.

The highest thought of any human being point Godward.

A good name is better than a king's heritage.

There are countless treasures that gold cannot buy.

The privilege of motherhood is the greatest blessing in a woman's life.

To have trained a life to be useful here is to have earned reward in Heaven.

Children soon learn to discern the truth from the lie.

Good homes constitute the wealth of a nation.

More companionship with parents will greatly help in preventing boys and girls from going wrong.

The sacredness of the mechanism of life should be learned at the mother's knee.

Some people are apt to forget they were ever young.

Christianizing the heart is the only real cure for the social evil.

The keen competition of this world makes the failures of my life the success of another.

Let him that is sure of his standing "look out" lest he may fall.

More practical experience and less theory is one of the most important qualifications necessary for the success of any social worker.

Some voters seem to think any kind of a person can fill an office.

Many public servants are more keen on drawing their salary than they are in the performance of duty.

Some people act so loudly you cannot hear a word they say.

If my experience will benefit one other human being, I may be forgiven for telling this story.

Christians sometimes need help as well as sinners.

A broken heart is worse than a fractured bone.

Angry words like a rubber ball will rebound.

Gossip to some people is like a sweet morsel, they like to keep it on their tongue.

The fiery tongue of the gossip vendor is sharper than a two-edged sword.

Fools always display their money.

Boasted social position discloses the sham.

Some people think they know our business better than we do ourselves.

Men are broader minded than women.

The conscience of many good (?) people is very elastic.

Religion is often only an outside cover.

Pity not the girl who feels chagrined because she cannot master music, art or the several languages, but rather pity her who cannot make a loaf of bread, sweep clean a room or darn a pair of socks.

Familiarity not only breeds contempt, but is exceedingly dangerous.

Mothers should teach their daughters more self-respect and independence.

Women engaged in the same line of endeavor are often too narrow minded to speak to each other.

If we understood each other better, we might love each other more.

We have to go through war sometimes in order to obtain peace.

Cleanliness is next to Godliness, but it means inside as well as out.

The whole world is hungering for a little bit of love.

Too much sympathy is bad, if it over-balances judgment.

No fixed rule can be established for adjusting domestic difficulties.

Home and children should be of more interest than bridge-whist, matinees and pink teas.

Often innocent children suffer for the sins of their parents.

Every child has a right to be well and welcome born.

Quality not quantity the all important.

Unfortunately the sower of "wild oats" cannot reap the harvest alone.

Mission work should first begin at home.

The influence of a good mother will never die.

Wholesome living makes for health.

Criminal lawyer is a good name for some in the profession.

Many politicians are unworthy of representing a clean frog-pond.

What has seemed a blunder may be a part of a great scheme.

Truth will always bear its weight, and in the end weighs most.

Some prayers would insult the Almighty, if they ever reached so high.

It is possible to find a Christian outside the church, but the best people are found inside.

Sympathy may be good, but encouragement is better.

If selfishness and conceit were knocked out, some lives would be much more useful.

Justice and mercy are a quantity difficult to obtain in this life.

When retiring at night think only of the good in your enemies and you will soon go to sleep.

Words of cheer act like a bromide.

Dishonest gain will end in loss.

Mean acts bring their own reward.

Truly the joy of life is found in doing good.

A hearty hand clasp is mighty invigorating.

Smiles dispel fear and awaken hope.

True friendship is the basis of love.

Both grow sweeter as the years go by.

Fascination, like a cheap color, fades quickly.

Affection, like pickles, have many varieties.

Reformers are an asset to society.

Fanatical reformers do more harm than good.

Trouble should sweeten disposition and strengthen character.

Apprenticeship to wisdom includes many mistakes.

Without human fraility there would be no use for wisdom and caution.

Battles for principle are worth fighting for. Underhand methods are the weapons of a traitor.

Sometimes in doing good we have to make a lot of noise.

Sometimes we do more good by just keeping still.

Moral and legal suasion are more effective as medicine when taken together.

Influence being an unknown quantity, it cannot be weighed or measured.

Since every human being has an influence it behooves us to take heed to our ways.

Clean thoughts, pure hearts and honesty of purpose are the three graces that make most for a happy, useful life.

CHAPTER XIX

UNCONSCIOUS HELPERS

The life of Lincoln was an inspiration to me in childhood and youth, more so as I grew older. Even now I try to read Lincoln's life once or twice a year, for in my estimation, Lincoln more than any other man since the days of Paul, manifested the divine Spirit of the meek and lowly Nazarene.

My teachers were instrumental in fashioning my life. In the country school, Miss Sterrett put me on the program every speaking day, inviting me to visit her at normal, she arranged to have me read "The Last Hymn," congratulating me afterwards for having done so well. This early training helped to prepare me for public speaking.

Miss Balantyne, whom I did not like so much because she was so cross, made me declaim on all public occasions, and because I asked so many questions in connection with my studies, Miss Balantyne said, "I had a legal mind."

This led to my desire to read law in after years.

The sad experience of Mrs. N., my teacher in the grammar school, made me want to fight the ingrate politician. The candidate for State Superintendent had promised Mrs. N. promotion after election. Having aged parents

and two children to support, Mrs. N. went to work with a will, campaigning during her entire vacation, to be turned down coldly by the fiend educator after election. Disappointed and disheartened, Mrs. N. gave up hope and one day in a fit of despondency took the lives of herself and her children. The real murderer was he who had betrayed her confidence and broken her heart. Although only a child, I wanted to help arrest the contemptible wretch and send him to prison for the rest of his life.

Miss Dana A. Eveleth of Cambridge, Mass., did much for me. Always after examination she would invite me to help her mark the papers saying, "I was just and she could trust me." Calling her sister's attention to me one day as I was leaving the class room, I heard her say, "My Norah has the voice of a leader, we shall hear of her some day."

Three schoolmates made a deep impression, Pearl P., who sometimes helped in marking papers, her parents were very wealthy and belonged to the exclusive set. Pearl was democratic, preferring the public school to private. She mingled freely with all the scholars, choosing me with other girls for partners in play. Always complimenting me on my appearance, for while I dressed neatly, I could not afford to dress as nicely as Pearl. With her, clothes made no difference. When girls less favored would accuse me of clinging to riches, I would defend my friendship by saying, " Pearl is not of the stuck up kind."

One day Miss Remington had gone to Principal Wood's office for a moment, meanwhile our class was to do problems in compound interest. During Miss Remington's absence, a boy named Frank J., who sat just ahead of me, too lazy to work, turned about and began to copy. I covered my figures and kept on with the problem. Angered, he knocked my hand away and spoiled my labor with a wet sponge. Grabbing my slate I brought it down on his back just as Miss Remington entered the room. Demanding of me an explanation, which I declined to give until Frank the aggressor should answer, I was reprimanded and ordered to the cloak room for thirty minutes. Before executing the sentence, a curly headed girl by the name of Edna D. was permitted to speak. Edna and I had never been very great friends, for Edna belonged to another group, but this dear, sweet, lovely girl was the first one to rise to my defence and she did it royally, others followed. Suffice to say, Frank was sent to the Principal for chastisement and Norah remained to re-write her lesson. The kindness and loyalty of Edna left an influence that I can never forget.

The pitiful story of an unmarried mother reached my ears while I was studying art under Professor ——. Putting aside my brushes, much as I enjoyed painting, I promised to go at once and see the friendless little girl. She had been betrayed under the promise of marriage, the

ceremony being delayed by one excuse after another. Conditions becoming alarming, the scoundrel deserted her in Chicago and she had come to Milwaukee in the hope of finding him there. Where would she go and what could she do, her relatives and friends would disown her. Relieving the situation for the time being, I took it upon myself to find the man (?). This done, I lost no time in making known my errand. He was a fine looking fellow, educated and very polite; he said he would fix things up with money, but I could not see how money would mend a broken heart or legalize baby's name. He thought the heart-ache would heal and baby should be given away. Raging within, but calm without, I informed the Mr.—— I did not believe in giving babies away, and his baby must stay with the mother. Moreover I proposed to give baby its father's name, and trust the court to do what I could not. Furious, he hurled a number of strong adjectives at me for meddling and pushed me through the door. To make a long story short, we refused three hundred dollars or any sum of money to release the baby's father from further responsibilities by signing the agreement drawn up by his unscrupulous lawyer. Vowing he would not live with one so common if compelled to marry, he meekly yielded to our demand and this case, proved to be an exception, for in spite of his meanness, the devoted sweetheart (now the wife) two years later when daddy had

THE NEW Y
PUBLIC

THE DAY AFTER ELECTION.

learned some sense, won him back to his baby's mother and the dear little darling that continued to sob and cry until its life went out. Perchance the baby knew he was not welcome when he came, maybe he sobbed and cried because mother did during the long weary days and nights when forsaken by friends and alone in her sorrow, She knew not what to do, and it is possible that the little life was shortened because father had "sowed his wild oats."

This experience as no other quickened my interest in rescue work. The attitude of the man made me a better friend to my unfortunate sister, and a stronger foe to her seducer.

The beautiful Christian life of my aunt Marian has always increased my desire for doing good. Francis Willard led me along lines of organization. Anna Gordon's faithfulness to Miss Willard touched me deeply. The courage of Lucy Stone; the energy and enthusiasm of Susan B. Anthony and Elizabeth Cady Stanton. The force of that peerless woman orator, Dr. Anna Howard Shaw and the womanliness of Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, Jane Addams, and Katherine Waugh McCullough, who believes in justice for all; also the heart throbs from the pen of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, have all had an influence, though they never knew. Although opposed to her methods and once being ashamed to sit on the platform with Carrie Nation, I must admit she influenced me

in forgetting the hardships of reforming. At the National Purity Convention in Battle Creek, when I gave way to my feelings because an elder sister rescue worker from Milwaukee said some hateful things about my being in the work for "graft," Carrie Nation rebuked me by saying, "My child, never cry, no matter what happens, God can't use a whiner, you must fight for the right and do it without a murmur."

The stick-to-it-ive-ness of the Honorable Arthur Burrage Farwell, President of the Chicago Law and Order League, the most careful and thoughtful reformer I have ever met; and Lucy Page Gaston, who, upon learning I was in a hard fight in Chicago, came to my rescue, wanting to know what she could do to help her "little sister." The devotion of a little mission worker in Chicago, Miss Waterman, and the zeal of her friend, Miss Sutherland, the welcome and cheer of Miss Connor, a depot matron, together with the countless number of faithful workers among the rank and file whose names like their deeds are little known, have left an imprint in my life that time cannot efface.

Now I will tell you a secret. Newspaper men and women have influenced my life by advising, suggesting, encouraging and I might add, always treating me kindly; if they ever seemed unfair, it was because they misunderstood. Meeting Col. Hicks, of the Oshkosh Northwestern, in the depot one day, he gave me a hearty

hand shake, complimenting me on trying to clean up the Fair, saying he was always reminded of Napoleon and Roosevelt when he read of me. This may or may not have been a compliment. One thing I know, Col. Hicks gave me courage, even though he tried to discourage my Suffrage activity. And here numbered among my unconscious helpers, I wish to pay this tribute and express my sincere appreciation of my many newspaper friends.

CHAPTER XX

OF THE FUTURE

I cannot say—"We know not what awaits us, God kindly veils our eyes, and o'er each step of our onward way, He makes new scenes to rise."

By Divine grace I shall toil on until the curtain falls on the last act; then may I hope to hear—"Well done, thou willing worker." My sheaves may not be many, but I will try to follow the Master as His bruised hand points the way.

In conclusion may I reiterate what I tried to say in the beginning? This book, so full of varied human experience, all of which can be verified, has been written for the sole purpose of helping both men and women who are trying to improve conditions, social and political.

"Thru the Mill" and the Author will be criticised no doubt. Pride and reputation I gladly lay upon the altar, if by so doing I can help some one over the rough places in life. Perhaps when I have learned more of writing books I shall send forth another volume entitled, "Happy Hours," for I have enjoyed many, or maybe finish my "Sunshine and Shadow," which is well under way.

Some said, "John, print it,"
Others said, "Not so."
Some said, "It might do good,"
Others said, "No."

JOHN BUNYON.

. . . I am proud to state that I have known Norah Perkins-Jeanson for eight or ten years, and have been more or less familiar with her work in different things she has been interested in, and can truthfully say I have always found her earnest, upright, truthful, whether in business, social or charitable work; a woman that could not be driven into anything she did not think just or right, and for the good of those she was representing, and do not think I ever met a person with a keener sense of right and wrong.—*H. D. Morton, Milwaukee.*

. . . This certifies that I have known Norah Perkins-Jeanson a score of years. She is capable, honest and conscientious.—*Herman Kroeger, Milwaukee.*

. . . It affords me much pleasure to state that I have known Norah Perkins-Jeanson for the last twelve years, during which time I have had many opportunities to study her ways and motives, and I can truthfully say I consider her a good and honorable Christian woman. In her work of aiding unfortunate girls and women in our city, she has proven herself a real mother and in the creation and conducting of an emergency hospital and nursery at our annual State Fair for ten years, she has demonstrated an inventive and progressive business ability. She is a bright, energetic, unselfish woman, always ready to serve mankind, and I consider her able to accomplish whatever task she may undertake.—*George W. Kesten, Milwaukee.*

. . . I have known Norah Perkins-Jeanson for more than ten years in her missionary work among the colored people of this city. I have always found her honest, worthy and trustworthy.—*A. L. Herron, M.D., Milwaukee.*

. . . This is to certify that I have had the pleasure of knowing Norah Perkins-Jeanson for a number of years and am convinced of the fact that she is a true lady in every sense of the word. She is bright, energetic and enthusiastic in everything she undertakes.—*A. R. F. Grob, M.D., Milwaukee.*

. . . I have known Norah Perkins-Jeanson during her residence here in Oshkosh. I know she is a woman of excellent habits and unblemished character.—*John Banderob, ex-Mayor, Oshkosh.*

. . . This certifies that I have known Norah Perkins-Jeanson for some time. I know her to be a hard worker, honest and conscientious in everything she does. She is of excellent character and enthusiastic in her undertakings.—*Frank Brockway, M.D., Oshkosh.*

. . . Norah Perkins-Jeanson was instrumental in getting the four women deputies appointed for the Wisconsin State Fair.—*Woman's Journal.*

. . . Norah Perkins-Jeanson of Oshkosh is doing splendid work in the interest of the women of Wisconsin.—*Dodge County Citizen.*

. . . I have long known Norah Perkins-Jeanson in public and private life and feel honored by her friendship and proud of her ability. As a public speaker, she ranks with the very best, beautiful in person and character, a Christian in the highest sense and a most womanly woman.—*Mrs. L. E. Bailey, Nat. Lecturer and Missionary Worker, Minneapolis.*

. . . I take pleasure in recommending to your favorable consideration, Norah Perkins-Jeanson, whom I have known for many years. She is the possessor of an irreproachable character, intellectual ability, gracious in manner and decided business tact. Mrs. Perkins always has and always will win the hearts of all high-minded people.—*Mrs. D. Bulson, Teacher of Dramatic Art, Milwaukee.*

. . . I am happy to send a line in recognition of your work. During the three years we have known you here in Oshkosh, your efforts, both by word and by service, have been in the highest sense for the welfare of our community. Your high talents have been devoted to the betterment of our State. Your courageous and fearless advocacy of issues not then popular but essential to our best living secured for you the enmity of those who were interested in more deeply entrenching the wrong and the friendship of those who loved and fought for thy right. Your constructive and truly patriotic service in behalf of a more efficient and consciencious State Fair Board will not soon be forgotten. I trust you will be able to do yet more for our State and our community.—*W. H. Jones, Pastor, First Baptist Temple, Oshkosh.*

. . . I have known Mrs. Norah Perkins-Jeanson for a number of years and wish to state that she is a woman of good character and of exceptional ability and would recommend her to any cause in which there is merit. She is a tireless worker for those things she believes to be right.—*D. E. McDonald, District Attorney, Oshkosh.*

. . . Mrs. Norah Perkins-Jeanson is first and foremost a suffragist—her heart and soul are in the cause as her faithfulness in working with us (during the last month of our campaign) has shown. Her tact, in dealing with all who come to our head-

quarters, and especially her skill in working with the politicians (and here she showed she had wide experience) were of invaluable assistance to our organization. Personally I enjoyed working with Mrs. Perkins immensely, and am very glad to express my appreciation of her ability.—*Grace D. Frank, Leader 12th Assembly District, Brooklyn Woman Suffrage Party.*

. . . The lecture by Mrs. Norah Perkins upon "Sanitation and home nursing," has aroused much favorable discussion and no doubt will leave behind an influence for better living.—*Viroqua Censor.*

. . . Your work is highly commended. You spoke of improving our moral and spiritual health. It was beautifully stated, but altogether too short. I suppose you hardly realize that you are a university instructor and affiliated with one of the greatest universities in America. I think it would add to your talk if you would speak occasionally of your rescue work and relate an incident or two of such as you gave me at Coon Valley in the hotel. Really that was the most interesting session of institute work I have attended this winter.—*Dr. C. V. Porter, Viroqua, Wisconsin.*

. . . Yours is a difficult subject, but you have made sanitation and home nursing beautiful, interesting, inspiring and helpful. I congratulate you. —*Ida E. Tilson, A.M., West Salem, Wis.*

. . . Mrs. Norah Perkins-Jeanson, of 31 Ogden Avenue, is in Milwaukee in the interests of the Woman Suffrage and Prohibition Club work. Mrs. Perkins was recently appointed vice-president of the National Club to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mrs. Russell. The Oshkosh woman has executive ability, is gifted as an organizer, and is an able parliamentarian. The State Club presented Mrs. Perkins with a broach set in the national colors as a token of appreciation of her services.—*Oshkosh Daily Northwesterner.*

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
REFERENCE DEPARTMENT

This book is under no circumstances to be taken from the Building

SEP 1 3 1918		
SEP 1 8 1918		
SEP 1 8 1918		
NOV - 8 1918		
form 410		SEP 1 4 191